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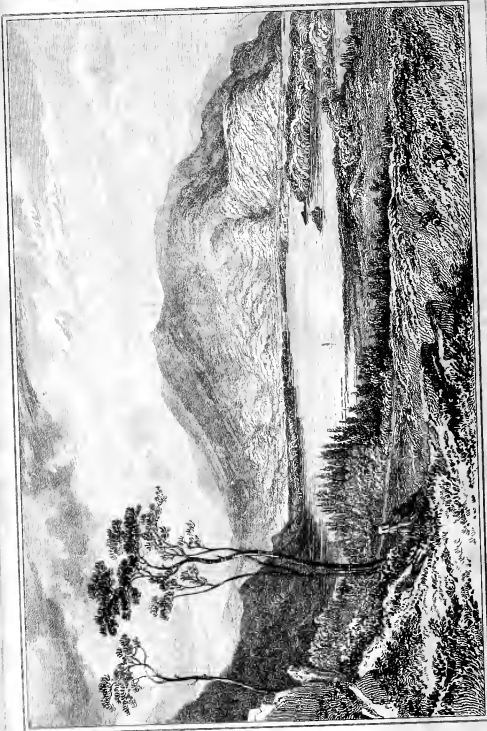


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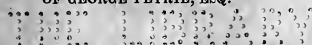


Engraved by B. Cooke from a Drawing by R. P. P. for the Guide to Killarney.

A
GUIDE
TO THE
LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS, AFTER THE DESIGNS

OF GEORGE PETRIE, ESQ.



BY THE

REV. G. N. WRIGHT, A. M.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,
- PATERNOSTER ROW.

1822.

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P R E F A C E



ALTHOUGH there have been published many picturesque and poetic descriptions of the sublime scenery of Lough Lein, not a single *Guide* or *Directory* for Visitors has yet seen the light. The earliest and most original work upon the subject, is Bushe's *Hibernia Curiosa*, written at a period (1764) when the intercourse between Dublin and the distant counties of Ireland was much restricted, and attended with difficulty and expense; when the remote parts of the kingdom were imperfectly known, and shamefully misrepresented. In the present very improved state of society, and with such facility of communication as now exists in this country, the *Hibernia Curiosa* can hardly be expected to preserve the character of being a work either of information in matters of research, or of utility as a directory for

Travellers. Sir R. C. Hoare has very briefly, but with the hand of a master, touched upon the enchanting scenery of this admired spot. The few pages he has written are the result of learning, taste, and observation.

Mr. Young and Mr. Curwen have introduced brief, but interesting sketches of Killarney, in their agricultural tours of Ireland; and Smith, in his inimitable History of the County of Kerry, speaks of the Lakes, Islands, Monasteries, &c. of this very romantic spot, in a manner highly creditable to his talents as an historian, and has given an imperishable record of the original importance of this neighbourhood in a civil and ecclesiastical point of view. Such a series of county histories as these of Smith, would greatly contribute to establish the past and present importance of Ireland as a kingdom; and to patronize and encourage such a work, would immortalize the character of the Royal Dublin Society, and vindicate the Irish from the imputation of being deficient in that national feeling, on which their neighbours of North Britain so greatly pride themselves.

To speak, then, more immediately of the tourists who have written upon the scenery of Lough Lein,—Mr.

Holmes is the author of a very pleasing and instructive Tour through the South of Ireland, into which he has introduced a true and accurate, but too concise account of Killarney and its adjacent scenery. There is, besides, a work of infinitely higher character upon this subject, now some years before the public, containing considerable local knowledge, and manifesting a variety of information on matters of general interest,—we allude to Weld's Illustrations. It contains also an historic and general account of Kenmare and Bantry; yet, although an extremely interesting and useful work for the residents of Kerry, it does not point out what measures the Tourist is to adopt, the moment he arrives at the Inn in Killarney, and at each subsequent period of his stay.

It is in this latter capacity, viz. of a *Guide* to the different objects of curiosity and amusement, that the present little publication is offered to the world. It professes to afford every necessary direction to the Tourist whose object is to visit the Lakes of Killarney, and their surrounding beauties: it points out the time required, the modes of conveyance, the inns on the road, and the probable expense: it treats of the Natural, Civil, and Ecclesiastical History, of the various productions of

Nature and remains of Art ; and concludes with such directions as will enable the expert Tourist to dispose of his time so judiciously, that the scenery and phenomena of Killarney may be perfectly viewed and admired in a tour of either three or two days, or even of one. In the concluding pages will be found a list of all the Islands, to which names have been appropriated, and the heights of the surrounding Mountains.

The Author of the present Volume, then, professes to be without a rival; for this reason, that none of his predecessors have been content to appear in a less dignified character than that of Historian, Tourist, &c. while he will rest satisfied, and consider the ends of his labour fully accomplished, if he shall prove a useful or entertaining companion to the visiter, even in the humble, unaspiring character of a *Guide*.

Dublin, March 30th, 1822.

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GUIDE
TO THE
LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Road from Cork to Killarney.

THE Town of Killarney is situated in the barony of Magunihy in the county of Kerry, at a distance of 167 miles, three furlongs, from Dublin, by the Cork road, and 162 miles, six furlongs, by the Limerick road, (by way of Tarbert.) The inconvenience attending the journey from Limerick to Tralee generally deters the tourist from venturing by that route, whilst on the other hand, the extreme facility and convenience of travelling on the Cork road, would induce it to be preferred, although the advantage in the actual number of miles might be in favour of the former. Supposing, then, that the traveller has reached Cork by the usual mode of conveyance, the mail, he will there find a coach ready to start at six the following morning for Tralee, by way of Killarney. The Town of Killarney is but forty-five miles and one furlong from Cork, and as the coach starts at so early an hour,

the journey is made totally in day-light. The intervening country does not possess many attractions of a picturesque description, but its vicinity to the interesting scenery of Lough Lein, renders it an anxious drive; at every step, some remarkable remnant of the strength, or ancient splendour, of the feudal castles, and many a venerable monastic pile, excite attention and awaken curiosity. At the distance of four miles and six furlongs from Cork, upon the south side, stands the Castle of Ballincolly; it is a large square building, on the summit of a natural eminence of rock, rising perpendicularly in the centre of an extensive plain, in which not another hill, mound, or elevated spot of any sort is to be seen. From its situation it must have been impregnable; the out-works and flanking towers, besides much of the castle, are in a tolerable state of preservation. The Barretts, an ancient and illustrious family, were the proprietors of this noble castle; the last of these, William Barrett, being concerned in the Earl of Desmond's rebellion, submitted to the mercy of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1600. Its estimation, as a place of strength, may be gathered from this, that Cromwell constantly kept troops here, and it was also garrisoned in the wars in James the Second's time.

On the other side of the road, on the banks of the Lee, is an extensive barrack, with a powder-mill attached to it; but both these are in a great measure disused since the termination of the continental wars.

Within a short distance of Ballincolly, stand the Castle and Abbey of Kilcrea; the former is in a ruinous condition, but the abbey and steeple are still sufficiently perfect to gratify curiosity, the barbicans, platform and fosse still remaining. The monastery was founded in

the year 1456, under the invocation of St. Brigid, by Cromac M'Carthy, the Great Prince of Desmond, who was murdered by his brother Owen, and was interred in the centre of the choir, in 1494, as the inscription on his monument testifies.* The quantity of human skulls and bleached bones, strewn amongst the ruins, sufficiently declare the veneration in which the abbey grounds have always been held as a cemetery. The nave and choir are still standing, and there is a very beautiful arcade of three pointed arches, supported by massive pillars of marble, still remaining on the south side of the nave. In the choir are several tombs of the Clancartys and Barretts, whose families have always resisted the total demolition of the castle and abbey. The steeple is only eighty feet in height, nor does it appear to have ever been more lofty; it stands between the nave and choir, and rests on pointed arches.

The approach to the abbey is really terrific and appalling, and cannot fail to excite the consideration of a future state, in the most unfeeling, obdurate, and unbelieving minds. A long narrow passage is enclosed by high walls, entirely composed of human skulls and bones, cemented by moss; the gloom and desolation are increased by the shade of a range of lofty oaks, which are at a sufficient distance to produce an awful gloominess, without relieving the deadly, melancholy, despondence, by an interposing contrast even of vegetable life. There is an old wooden cross, at the termination of the avenue, which has not yielded to the pelting of the pitiless storm during a lapse of two centuries and upwards. This

* See Ulster Annals, MSS. Trin. Coll. Dub.: also MSS. in Marsh's Library, and the Monasticon Hib.

valley of death is watered by the river Bride, which, flowing tranquilly by the abbey, winds towards the north, and falls into the Lee.

At the dissolution of religious houses in Ireland, the lands of this abbey were granted to Lord Muskery, but, after the wars of 1641, Oliver Cromwell bestowed them upon the Lord Broghil. In these wars the castle and abbey were much injured, but were afterwards repaired by Captain Wm. Bayley. Ware says, the Roman Catholics repaired the abbey in 1604.

Near the junction of the Bride and Lee stand the Church and Village of Ovens.* Here is an extraordinary cave, beneath a limestone arch; in some places it is upwards of twenty feet high, in others, not more than six; there are numerous diverging corridors within about twenty yards from the entrance, some of them returning back into the cave, and others continuing to a length as yet unascertained. Strangers should be extremely cautious of venturing into this Cretan labyrinth, without such a clue as Ariadne gave to Theseus, for the guides are not at all acquainted with the intricacies of this subterranean wonder. The sides and roof are covered with a stalactical matter, or gypsum, which is a most efficacious cement. Persons are said to have proceeded for a quarter of a mile, or upwards, into this grotto in safety, and the peasantry about the village assert, that it reaches as far as Gill-Abbey, near Cork.

Several other castles are seen, but at distances too great from the highroad to admit of being visited, unless by residents in the neighbourhood; amongst them are Crookstown, Inch, and Kilcowra. Near Crookstown, on the

* Perhaps a corruption of Owens.

south, lies Rye-court, the seat of Colonel Rye. The next village of consequence is Macroom, fourteen miles, two furlongs, from Ballincolly, and nineteen miles from Cork. The Castle of Macroom, the seat of R. Hedges Eyre, Esq. is a stately building, modernised. It was at first built by the Carews, shortly after the English conquest, though its erection is also attributed to the Daltons. It was repaired and beautified by Teig Macarty, who expired there in 1563, and who was father of the celebrated Lord Muskery mentioned by Camden. The late Earls of Clancarty rebuilt and altered it, after its destruction by fire in the wars of 1641. When Dean Swift visited this country, he expressed the warmest admiration of this castle and demesne; and in one of its apartments was born the famous Admiral Sir William Pen.* The Roman Catholic Chapel of Macroom is also worth visiting.

At a little distance to the south is seen the Castle of the Two Views; farther on, Drishane Castle, the seat of Captain Wallace; and Mount Leader, the seat of ——— Leader, Esq. Mill-street, the next post town, is ten miles and two furlongs from Macroom; it consists of but one street, and could afford but wretched accommodation to travellers. From Mill-street to Killarney, sixteen miles, two furlongs, the road winds through a dreary, desolate wild of heath and moss.

On the left, the mountains gradually raise their lofty heads, and indicate the approach to scenes of a far different character; a long range of continuous hills extends from the boundary of the County of Cork to the Lakes

* For many more extremely interesting anecdotes relative to this ancient building, the reader is referred to the *Pacata Hibernia*.

of Killarney: two of these hills, called the Paps, are particularly remarkable for the regularity of their convex or conical form; these are connected with the hills of Glan Flesk, which overhang O'Donohoe's country; and in the midst of this pathless waste, stands the castle of this once illustrious chieftain, still preserving the appellation of O'Donohoe's Castle. Adjacent to these mountains is the stupendous Mangerton, sullenly over-looking his less important neighbours. The approach to the town of Killarney increases henceforth in interest, in beauty, and in grandeur, at every step; Mr. Colesman's Castle, in a most conspicuous and commanding situation, first attracts the attention; and Mr. Cronan's (the Park) is a very beautifully situated demesne.

By the arrangement lately adopted, the coach from Cork arrives at Killarney for dinner.

Town of Killarney.

THE Town of Killarney consists of two principal streets, called the Old and New Streets; it was first brought into notice as a place of trade, by the iron-works in its vicinity; and the improvements effected by the increased expenditure, while the mines were worked, are still obvious in the comfortable appearance of the town in general.

There are three tolerable inns, two in the main street, nearly opposite the church, and the Kenmare Arms in New-street. The most agreeably situated is that immediately opposite to the church. Near this inn is a public reading-room, to which strangers are politely invited,

by a singular advertisement upon the door, stating, that: "None but Members, or Strangers are admitted." The church contains a few handsome monuments, has a pretty specimen of stained glass in the eastern window, and is in excellent repair. The exterior has been so much altered from the original elevation, that it is a continued succession of contradictions to all the laws of architecture.

The Roman Catholic Chapel stands in New-street, and beside it is the residence of the Titular Bishop. Shaded by a screen of arbutus, laurels, and jessamines, trained against the chapel-wall, is a very attractive inscription, upon a beautifully-designed, and well-executed monument. A marble urn, partly concealed by a funeral pall, rests upon a sarcophagus, whose pannel bears the following beautiful and pathetic epitaph:—

Entombed

Near this Monument, lie the Remains
Of the Right Reverend Gerald TAHAN,
Doctor of the Sorbonne, and R. C. Bishop of Kerry;
His Doctrine and his Life reflected credit on each other.

In him were blended

The easy politeness of a Gentleman,
With the purest principles of a Christian.
Given to hospitality, gentle, sober, just, holy, continent,
His charity was diffusive and exemplary.

The Patron and Protector of Honourable Merit,

He was learned without ostentation,

And religious without intolerance.

His affable manners and instructive conversation

Charmed every ear, and vanquished every heart.

To perpetuate the memory of so beloved a character,
His mourning Friends have erected this Monument,

A frail memorial of their veneration for his virtues,

And a faint testimony of their grief for a misfortune,

Alas! indelibly engraved upon their hearts.

He died the fourth day of July, 1797, aged 54 years.

This very feeling composition was written by a clergy-

man of the Established Church. There is a nunnery also in this street, and a very numerous school of poor children in that by which the Cork mail enters.

The Mansion of Lord Kenmare is hardly worth the attention of strangers: it is an old-fashioned fabric, indifferently furnished, placed on a flat, marshy plain, enclosed by full-grown trees, planted in the formal, tasteless, manner of the days of Charles II. By means of underwood, hedges, walls, &c., every prospect, however trifling, of mountain or lake, is totally excluded from the front of the house, and at the rear is an extensive strait terrace that is protected by a deep fosse, and from which only a glimpse of the mountains can be caught.

The hall of his lordship's house is flagged with very beautiful marble, raised on the lands of Cahernane, and at either end are busts of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, and Field Marshal Blucher. The ball-room is the largest apartment in the house; the walls are hung with tapestry of rather inferior merit to that at Kilkenny Castle, or Tyrone House, in Dublin; in this room is a table made of a single plank of yew, more than three feet broad. Over the chimney-piece is an admirable painting of Apollo crowning Handel. On the principal staircase stands an admirable bust of the late Henry Grattan, by Turnerelli, and another of George II. In the attic story is a private chapel for the celebration of divine service, according to the rights of the Roman Catholic Church.

The gardens of Kenmare House, which are separated from the lawn by the Mucruss road, are new, and in excellent order, but derive no advantage from their vicinity to the enchanting scenery of Lough Lein. His Lordship has now (1822) been absent from Ireland about

eight years, and the management of his estate is intrusted to his agent, Mr. Galway, who resides in the town of Killarney.

The first thing to be resolved upon, on arriving at the inn, is the route that is to be adopted for the following day. If it be the Gap of Dunloe, horses are to be provided, which are to be had here on much more reasonable terms than in Westmoreland; but if the intention be to visit the Lake, the cockswain who steers the boat, the bugle-man, gunner, &c., are to be sent for, and directed to be in readiness. And here certainly the most disgraceful circumstance connected with a visit to the Lakes of Killarney is discovered: the hire of a boat is a very extravagant sum in the first instance, but this the cockswain, or boatmen, cannot interfere with, the boats being the property of Lord Kenmare, from one of whose stewards they are procured; but, in addition, the boatmen and cockswain (five persons at least) are to be paid two shillings each for their labour, a bottle of whiskey a man, with dinner for the entire party, including a bugle-man and fisherman. How different from the modest charges of Derwent and Windermere! The boats are large, convenient, and in excellent order, but without cushions.

The greatest inconvenience, however, chargeable upon Killarney, is the distance of the town from the Lake. It was not possible to have fixed, in all the neighbourhood, upon a worse situation for the site of a village; the backs of the houses are turned towards the Lake, the view of which is totally excluded by Lord Kenmare's woods, and but for the supply yielded by a few wells, there would not be any fresh water in the village, although there are rivers at a short distance on every side. It is very unpleasant to have a mile of uninteresting road to pass every

morning before reaching Ross Bay, but this is actual pleasure compared with the annoyance of having the same road to return at night, after the fatigue of ten or twelve hours exercise, and probably drenched by the breakers, if the weather should be stormy. Here again the English Lakes have the advantage in accommodation for travellers, which he who has visited Coniston Head, the Ferry House, or Lowood upon Windermere, will acknowledge.

Had the town been built at the mouth of the River Flesk, and a handsome building erected for the accommodation of strangers, there would not have been room for so much complaint as there is at present. Mr. Arthur Young, who visited Killarney in 1776, writes on this point as follows:—"Before I quit it, I have one other observation to make, which is relative to the want of accommodation and extravagant expense of strangers residing at Killarney. I am surprised some one, with a good capital, does not procure a large well-built inn, to be erected on the immediate shore of the Lake, in *an agreeable situation*, at a distance from the town; there are very few places where such an one would answer better; there ought to be numerous and good apartments; a large rendezvous-room for billiards, cards, music, dancing, &c., to which the company might resort when they chose it; an ordinary for those that liked dining in public; boats of all sorts, nets for fishing, and as great a variety of amusements as could be collected, especially within doors; for the climate being very rainy, travellers wait with great impatience in a dirty, common inn, which they would not do, if they were in the midst of such accommodations as they meet with at an English spa. Then strangers would not view it post-haste, and

fly away the first moment to avoid dirt and imposition." Mr. Young did not thus write from personal ill-treatment, as the hospitality of Colonel Herbert prevented the necessity of subjecting himself to inconveniencies, which he regretted on the account of others.

Let us now return to the visiter, for whom we are more sincerely interested; should his intention be to remain any length of time at Killarney, we hope he will find our Guide useful both as an index to the picturesque scenes, and as a record of ancient historical facts connected with the County of Desmond. But, if the duration of his visit be limited to a short period, he will find, at the end of this little epitome, directions which will point out the most economic disposition of time, and the most comprehensive routes.

LOWER LAKE.

Ross Island,

WHICH is the most considerable of those in the Lower Lake, containing about eighty plantation acres, is connected by a causeway and bridge with the main land: in summer, the morass, separating the Island from the continent, is completely dry; but in winter, Ross becomes again perfectly insulated. On this Island, or rather Peninsula, stands Ross Castle, which held out so obstinately under Lord Muskery, in 1652, against the English, commanded by General Ludlow. Upon the 26th of July in that year, at Knocknidlachy, in the county of Cork, a battle was fought between Lord Muskery, at the head of the Irish, and the Lord Broghil, commander of the English forces,

in which the former were defeated with great slaughter, and Colonel Mac-Gillicuddy, a native of Kerry, and greatly beloved by the Irish, slain. Upon this defeat, Lord Muskery withdrew to Ross Castle, whither he was followed by General Ludlow, with a body of 4,000 foot and 200 horse.* This experienced officer and upright statesman thus describes the siege of Ross Castle:—
“ In this expedition I was accompanied by the Lord
“ Broghil, and Sir Hardress Waller†, Major-general of
“ the foot. Being arrived at this place, I was informed
“ that the enemy received continual supplies from those
“ parts that lay on the other side, and were covered with
“ woods and mountains; whereupon I sent a party of
“ two thousand foot to clear those woods, and to find out
“ some convenient place for erecting a fort, if there
“ should be occasion. These forces met with some
“ opposition; but at last they routed the enemy, killing
“ some, and taking others prisoners: the rest saved
“ themselves by their good footmanship. Whilst this
“ was doing, I employed that part of the army which
“ was with me in fortifying a neck of land, where I
“ designed to leave a party to keep in the Irish on this
“ side, that I might be at liberty, with the greatest part
“ of the horse and foot, to look after the enemy abroad,
“ and to receive and convoy such boats and other things
“ necessary as the commissioners sent us by sea. When
“ we had received our boats, each of which was capable
“ of containing one hundred and twenty men, I ordered
“ one of them to be rowed about the water, in order to
“ find out the most convenient place for landing upon the

* Ludlow's Memoirs, Vol. 1. p. 415.

† One of the Judges of King Charles 1st.

“ enemy ; which they perceiving, thought fit, by a
“ timely submission, to prevent the danger that
“ threatened them ; and having expressed their desires
“ to that purpose, commissioners were appointed on both
“ parts to treat.”

The garrison of Ross Castle was greatly intimidated and urged to a surrender by the appearance of an armed vessel floating on Lough Lein ; for there was a prophecy amongst the inhabitants, that the Castle would not be taken until a vessel of war was seen to swim upon the Lake. The influence of forebodings on the ignorant mind, in the hour of danger, has long been known and practised : the noble Brutus was not above the terrors of a midnight apparition at Philippi ; and Shakspeare, who understood human nature perfectly, bestows upon his Caledonian hero not only a charmed life, but renders him invincible till “ Birnam’s wood should come to Dunsinane.” The fact is, that nothing would have been more improbable than that a ship of war should ever have appeared upon the Lake of Killarney ; and, had it not been for the unerring energy of Ludlow in the discharge of his trust, the long boats sent by the parliament to Castlemain, had never been hauled up shallow streams, and carried over rugged tracts of land.

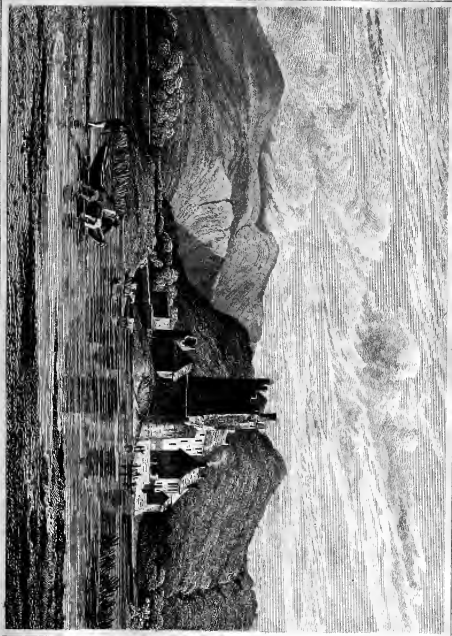
After one fortnight’s debate, says Ludlow, articles were agreed upon, by which it was settled that the estates of the Irish should be at the mercy of the parliament ; that no promise was given relative to the exercise of their religion ; and that exceptions should be made in the case of those who had murdered any of the English ; besides other articles, the same as were granted in the treaty of Leinster ; for the performance of all which, Sir Daniel O’Bryan and Lord Muskery’s son

were delivered up, as hostages, to Ludlow: The surrender of this castle terminated hostilities in Munster, and induced about five thousand of the Irish to lay down their arms. The conditions of the treaty of Ross Castle were accurately fulfilled by parliament, by which Lord Broghil was granted £.1000 yearly, out of the estates of Lord Muskery.

The castle, which was built by the family of O'Donoghoe-Ross,* is now an important ruin, standing upon a rock: it consists of a lofty, square building, with embattled parapets, formerly enclosed by a curtain wall, having round flankers at each corner, the ruins of which are yet visible. The interior possesses some extremely-well-proportioned apartments, and from the battlements may be had a most extensive panoramic view of Mangerton, Turk, Glenà, and all the surrounding scenery. A small building has been erected against one of the side walls of the castle, for the accommodation of an officer and company of men, which does not harmonize very well with the general character of the scene, and is particularly hurtful to the eye in looking from Inisfallen towards Mangerton. There is a governor also on the establishment of Ross Castle; and a garrison was kept here in 1690, in the wars between William and James. (See Articles of Limerick.)

The Island of Ross is of considerable extent, and though the woods were cut down in 1803, they have sprung up again sufficiently high to upbraid their destroyer and delight the admirer of the beauties of Nature. On Ross Island are to be found great varieties of trees and plants, oaks, yews, &c. Amongst the plants are the spleen-

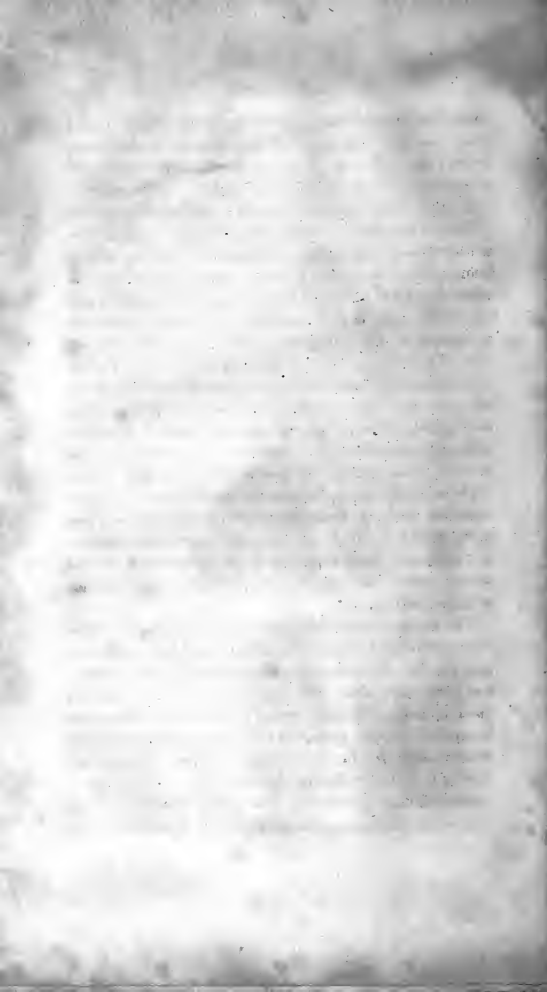
* So called to distinguish them from that of O'Donoghoe-More.



Designed by J. Barber, from a Drawing by A. Smith, for the Guide to Killarney.

Printed by
R. Turner.

ROSS CASTLE.



wort, the true-love or one berry, which the peasantry make use of as an excellent alexipharmic in malignant fevers; the tutsan or park-leaves, which is supposed to possess vulnerary and balsamic powers; the raspberry-tree; the common mother-thyme; the service-tree, &c.

Besides the beauty which Nature has so bountifully scattered over the surface of this Island, she has buried immense treasures in its bosom. Here lead and copper are to be had in great abundance, and though the working of the mines is discontinued, yet it is rather for want of capital in the proprietors, than from a deficiency of ore. These mines were worked at a very early period, and some of the rude implements used for breaking down the ore, are to be found on the Island; they are large oval stones, quite smooth, and round the centre of each is a mark, evidently caused by the fastening on of a convenient handle; they are called by the country people "Dane hammers," a belief still existing that they were formerly used by those invaders. Besides the various ores, there is a vein of tolerably rich marble in the centre of the Island, used frequently by the peasantry for tombstones, which they seldom omit placing over the remains of their relatives.

The shores of Ross Island are beautiful and interesting in the extreme, being deeply indented and possessing endless variety of commanding promontory, and retiring bay; the rocks along its margin are worn into the most fanciful shapes, for every group of which the helms-man is supplied with an appropriate appellation; the most aptly denominated are those to be seen in passing from Ross Bay to Inisfallen, called the Books.

Immediately opposite the little wharf, erected for convenience of strangers embarking, is Lord Kenmare's boat-

house, where a number of large boats, in excellent order, are sheltered and preserved for the public use; the deep water, at that side of the bay, being the most desirable for lying in. Near the boat-house is a spot from whence the effect of a bugle, with the mouth directed to Ross Castle, infinitely exceeds any other echo to be met with about the Lakes; the first echo is returned from the Castle, the second from the ruined Church of Aghadoe, the third from Mangerton, and afterwards innumerable reverberations are distinguished, which appear like the faded brilliancy of an extremely multiplied reflexion, lost by distance and repetition.

Nature seems to have been more playful in the production of echoes than in most other subjects of natural history; there is hardly any part of her works, for which some satisfactory theory cannot be adduced, save this. Lord Bacon has written several popular articles upon the reflexion of sounds, in his *Centuries of Natural History*; and Matthew, Lord Bishop of Clonfert, has rendered greater service to this branch of Philosophy than any of his learned predecessors, (see *Young on Sounds*.) The Lakes of Killarney are particularly calculated to produce reflexions of sound, from the height of the mountains, and the expanse of water; for water assists the delation of echo, as well as that of original sounds: if a few syllables be uttered in a soft tone over a well of great depth, the water returns an audible echo. Besides having the advantage of an expanse of water, with a tranquil surface, such as Lough Lein possesses in a mild summer's evening, the Castle is situated in the *centre* of an amphitheatre of mountains, which is also the most advantageous for the production of echo, and the obstruction of the sound by hills at different distances, situated as it

were in the peripheries of a series of concentric circles, is consequently adapted to the creation of numerous reflexions. For these reasons it is, that the return of sound from Ross Castle, at evening time, will be found more curious than in any other situation about the Lakes, contrary to the general belief, and of this the tourist can satisfy himself by experiment. Lord Bacon mentions (Cent. iii. 249.) an instance of sixteen repetitions of the voice in the ruined church of Pont-Charenton, on the Seine, near Paris; it was here that intelligent scholar discovered the inability of an echo to return the letter S, for having pronounced the word *Satan*, the echo replied *va t'en*, which in French signifies 'away!' from this extraordinary coincidence, the Parisians concluded that some guardian spirit prevented the walls of the sacred edifice from pronouncing the name "Satan."

O'Donohoe's Prison.

LEAVING Ross Bay, the Lower Lake expands itself in glorious majesty; the promontories of Ross Island to the left of the fore-ground, O'Donohoe's Prison and Inisfallen to the right, and immediately opposite, but at a distance of about two miles, Tomies and Glenà mountains, rise in the most abrupt, bold, precipitous manner from the surface of the waters, having their bases thickly wooded with oaks and hollies. O'Donohoe's Prison is a perpendicular rock, thirty feet above the general surface of the waters; it does not appear to be covered by a coat of earth sufficient to give nutriment to

the smallest plant, yet upon its very summit, shooting from the fissures of the rock, the arbutus, ash and holly may be seen, adorned with the most luxuriant foliage. The tradition relative to O'Donohoe states him to have been a man of gigantic stature, warlike boldness, and great bodily strength: upon this rock the most obstinate of his enemies were doomed to perish by cold or famine, or were bound in fetters until they acknowledged submission to his will. His native historians relate, that being pursued by a number of enemies, upon one occasion, his charger, in attempting to cross a morass, sunk below the saddle bow, upon which the Herculean rider dismounted, and, placing a stone under each of his feet, pulled his gallant steed completely out by the ears. The shade of O'Donohoe,* say his traditionary biographers, still haunts the scenes of his former greatness, and is seen moving on the surface of the waters at particular periods; the memory of his snow-white steed is perpetuated by a rock, not unlike a horse drinking, near the shores of Mucruss, which preserves the name of O'Donohoe's horse. The sole surviving heir of this distinguished family is a minor, at present educating at a public seminary; his mother, who resides in the village of Killarney, is universally distinguished by the appellation of "The Madam," as a mark of respect to the matron of the family.

To the north of O'Donohoe's Prison are Herron and Lamb Islands, and to the west, Brown or Rabbit Island: this last is only remarkable for its quarries of limestone, which are worked for the purposes of manuring land: latterly the trees have grown up so much on this

* For the legend of O'Donohoe, see the Poem of Killarney.

once desolate waste, that it considerably relieves the monotonous character of the northern extremity of the Lake. Not far from Ross Island, and between it and Inisfallen, is a little rock, crowned with rich foliage, which, from its diminutive appearance, is called Mouse Island.

Inisfallen Island.

MORE to the west is seen the Island of Inisfallen, a fertile and enchanting spot, containing eighteen acres of land, and richly clothed with wood. There are only two landing-places, although the shore is indented by numerous sinuosities, owing to the shallows on one side, and the bold rocks on the other: however, a convenient mole for disembarking has been erected at one of them, and Nature has provided accommodation for the visiter at the other. The view of Inisfallen, on the approach from any side, is of a totally different character from that of any other island on the lake; it impresses the visiter with an idea of luxuriance, comfort, and tranquillity; the surface of the glebe is spread with the brightest verdure, over which flourish, in rich foliage, the greatest possible varieties of trees and shrubs. Groups of lofty oaks fling their arms over the sward beneath, and the intervals between them are generally occupied by various shrubs, so that only an occasional glimpse is permitted, through the woods, of the Lake and distant mountains; occasional openings are left, where the richest imaginable pasture is unfolded, beautified by an undulating surface, and embosomed in sylvan scenery. In walking round the island,

the variety to be met with in so small a compass almost exceeds belief, and delights the admirer of the soft, the beautiful, and the gentle in Nature, to ecstasy. Here a forest scene, in whose centre stands the royal oak; a little farther, trees of less commanding, but not less beautiful aspect, present themselves. The loftiest trees enclose and shelter occasional lawns, affording the richest pasturage, while the smaller shrubs crowd so closely together, as to form an impenetrable barrier. In some places gleams of light pour through the thickening shade, and enliven the retirement of the interior; and again, an opening to the Lake recalls the idea of the watery boundaries, which here seclude us so completely from the scenes of the busy world, and induce us to reflect upon our remoteness from the haunts of men. The very trees, in their rarity of species and form, appear to rival the surface of the island itself; a gradually ascending hill sinks into a pleasing vale, and this swelling and undulation of the surface, which art has never been able to effect, exists in such pleasing variety, that the imagination of the artist could not conceive, nor his pencil execute, more varied slopes, more gently falling declivities, or more pleasing inequalities on the face of a landscape.

Oak, ash, alder, holly, both bald and prickly, with the arbutus, grow spontaneously and luxuriantly in every part of the island; the service (or Sorbus) tree, is also to be found here.—Smith (in his History of Kerry) seems to think that these trees were planted by the monks of Inisfallen, contrary to the general opinion of the natives, who finding them to be the production of *every other island* equally, conclude they are the natural product of the soil.

In one part of the island a holly is shown, the circum-

ference of whose stem measures fourteen feet ; in another place, a large hawthorn has made its way completely through the centre of a monumental stone in the vicinity of the monastery. At the northern extremity of the island stands a crab-tree, in the trunk of which is a large oblong aperture, called the "eye of the needle;" the guide, who points out this phenomenon, never fails to recommend ladies to pass through it, in consequence of a certain charm which he assures them this adventure will call into action. At the most remote extremity of the island, a projecting rock, overshadowed by an aged yew, is designated the "bed of honour:" this distinguished appellation is commemorative of a visit paid to this spot by his Grace the Duke of Rutland, when chief Governor of Ireland. There are now (1822,) six persons residing upon the island, who tend the cattle sent there to fatten; four head of black cattle and forty sheep are grazing on the little lawns scattered amongst the woods, for the soil has long been celebrated for its exuberance. Bush, in his* *Hibernian Curiosa*, asserts that "the fat of a beast, in a few weeks feeding on the herbage of Inisfallen, will be converted into a species of very marrow, even too rich for the chandler's use, without a mixture of a grosser kind;" and though this may be an exaggeration, it is generally stated by the inhabitants as a peculiarly rich pasturage.

Not far from the harbour, where visitors generally land, are the ruins of an ancient monastery, founded by

* The *Hibernia Curiosa* contains the first description of Killarney ever published; and though there are numerous absurdities in it, yet there is also much truth and acuteness of observation: modern tourists have drawn largely upon this small work, without the candour to acknowledge

St. Finian Lobhar, (or the Leper,) the son of Alild, King of Munster, and disciple of St. Brendan, towards the close of the sixth century. In the year 640, St. Dichull was abbot, who, with his brothers Munissa and Nerlugis, were worshipped by the votaries at Inisfallen, and the island was then called Inis-Nessan or Inis-Mac-Nessan, *i. e.* the island of the sons of Nessan, from Nessan, the father of Dichull. St. Finian founded also the abbey of Ardfinnan, in the county of Tipperary, which takes its name from this saint, who was buried at Cluanmore Madoc, in Leinster, in an abbey also founded by him. He died on the second of February, though his festival is observed on the sixteenth of March.* The name Inis-Nessan has been rejected for its present very appropriate designation, Inisfallen, *the beautiful or healthy island*, or Inisfaithlen, *the island in the beautiful lake*; this lake is called by Colgan, Lough Lein, and the Lake of Desmond, indiscriminately. The latter name was borrowed from the Earls of Desmond, once petty Princes in Kerry, but whose greatness has long since gone by.

After the Abbacy of Dichull, a considerable *hiatus* occurs in the annals, and neither abbot nor occurrence is registered until 1180, if we except the name of one Abbot, Flannan; "at this period," says Archdall, "this Abbey being ever esteemed a paradise and a secure sanctuary, the treasure and most valuable effects of the whole country were deposited in the hands of its clergy: notwithstanding which, the Abbey was plundered by Maolduin, son of Daniel O'Donaghoe; many of the clergy were slain, and even in their cemetery, by the M'Carthys: but God soon punished this act of impiety

* See Colgan's *Acta Sanctorum*, March 18th, St. Finian.

and sacrilege, by bringing many of its authors to an untimely end."

It is said, that a collection of bones was discovered beneath the threshold of the oratory hanging over the water, which Weld supposes to have been the bones of the clergy slain by the O'Donaghoes in 1180; but why not suppose them to be rather of more recent date, *viz.* 1652, when the vicinity of Lough Lein was wasted by fire and sword, by Ludlow and the Parliament's army.

The annals are continued uninterruptedly down to 1320, but do not contain any matter of interest; M'Mugy and O'Haurehen were Abbots, immediately after the barbarous and inhuman murder of the Monks; and, "in the year 1197, in this monastery," say the annals, "on the nineteenth of December, died Gilla Patrick O'Huihair, in the 79th year of his age: he was Archdeacon of Faithlin, Superior of this convent, and the founder of many religious houses, to all of which he presented books, vestments, and all other necessary furniture; he was a celebrated poet, and was in the highest estimation for his chaste life, piety, wisdom, and universal charity." In the year 1204, the Abbot Lidga, or Nial, died of the plague; and four years after, Gillacolman O'Riadan, a reverend Priest of Cloonvama, died here, "where he passed," says the annalist, "the evening of a life, chequered by misfortune, in penitence and prayer."*

* This is the passage as Archdall has it, but the unpublished MSS. in Trinity College, Dublin, reads as follows:—"Gilla Colman O'Riadan, a reverend priest of the *people* of Cloonvama, died in *Inisfaithlin* a happy death, after due devotion, penance and great tribulation, and was buried there." This apparently trifling difference would not have been noticed, but that other parts of the annals, quoted in the Monasticon, are incorrect; which induces a supposition that Archdall did not consult the MSS. himself, and that there may be passages of importance altogether neglected. The

In 1320, Dermot M'Carthy, King of Desmond, who was murdered at Tralee, was interred here. The writer of the early part of the annals of Inisfallen, lived only to the year 1215, from which period to 1320 they are continued by another historian. These annals contain a history of the world from the creation to the year 430, after which they treat solely of Irish History: a perfect copy of them is preserved in the library of the Duke of Chandos, according to Bishop Nicholson, and there is an imperfect copy in the manuscript-room in the University of Dublin. The Dublin Society possess a copy of Sir James Ware's MSS. of these annals, translated by Walter Harris, the Irish antiquarian.

By an inquisition taken the eighteenth of August, in the 37th of Elizabeth, the Monks of Inisfallen appeared to be possessed of 120 acres of arable land, with four town and three plough lands, together with extensive church patronage in the county of Limerick; all which, besides the Abbey of Irrelagh (Mucruss) and its possessions, were granted to Robert Collan, for ever, in fee farm by fealty only, in common soccage, at an annual rent of 72*l.* 3*s.* sterling.

nature of this work does not admit of antiquarian controversy, or display of ancient ecclesiastical knowledge, yet there is so great an *hiatus* in the annals of Inisfallen, as they appear in the Monasticon, that the opportunity of filling it up from the College MSS. which this little description affords, should not be neglected. The *hiatus* extends from 1208 to 1320. In the College MSS. we find this passage:—"1281, Murlagh O'Donagh, Archdeacon, died in Inisfaithlin, on Sunday, at night, in the feast called '*the division of the Apostles*,' chief head of all the churches and clergy of the West of Ireland, and in wealth, generosity, hospitality, learning and devotion, the blessing of all Ireland be upon his soul! God grant him eternal rewards through the intercession of the saints and angels in Heaven!"

The ruins of the Abbey are very inconsiderable, and the workmanship of what still remains, extremely rude ; indeed there can be little hesitation in pronouncing the remains of the monastery, now pointed out, not to have been part of the *original* building. There was a garden attached to the monastery, and a few plum-trees are shown close to the ruined walls, which, it is supposed, were planted by the religious inhabitants of the Island ; from one of the walls of the cloister a very picturesque yew shoots up. The only trace of the ancient edifices erected on this Island, which possesses the character of the architecture of those times, is an oratory, standing on a projecting cliff, at the south-eastern extremity of the island, on either side of which are the coves where strangers land. The door-case is a Saxon arch, enriched with chevron ornament, one side of which is quite perfect, and very beautiful ; but the soft stone of which it was composed has yielded to the decay of a lapse of centuries. This little oratory has been fitted up, by Lord Kenmare, as a banquetting-room : in one side is placed a large bay-window, from which a delightful view may be had of Ross Island, Mucruss shore, Mangerton, Turk, and Glenà. Some have thought the oratory profaned by being repaired in its present manner ; but the truth is, that had it not been converted into its present purpose, it would, like the adjacent mouldering walls of the monastery, have now been nearly level with the ground. It is not upon this point the tourist can complain of the noble proprietor, for in this he has endeavoured to preserve some remnants of the ancient greatness of Inisfallen, and to accommodate the visiter also ; but it is greatly to be regretted, that the complaints of so many travellers of the neglected state of the *walks* and *lawns* of the island, should be so totally

despised as they have hitherto been. The scenery of Inisfallen is of the soft, gentle, and civilized character, in which a degree of neatness is necessary to beauty; there are scenes of wildness, sublimity, and command, where the very ruggedness of neglect and want of cultivation compose the principal and noblest features of the view; but here the walk through the grass should be cleaned and strewn with gravel taken from the shore; the briars and brambles, that are daily choking up the natural evergreens, should be removed, and *sheep alone* permitted to pasture on the lawns.

Had the noble proprietor of Inisfallen witnessed the improvements of Mr. Curwen's island on Windermere, which does not possess a moiety of the natural beauty of Inisfallen, he would perceive what can be accomplished by a man of taste, in despite of Nature, and what an enchanting and terrestrial paradise could be made of his little island, with the most trifling degree of attention to neatness. Were this accomplished, we might conclude, that if there be a spot on earth where happiness could not refuse to be a guest, it is the Island of Inisfallen.

O'Sullivan's Cascade.

LEAVING the Island of Inisfallen, and sailing out into the broad expanse of waters, a grand mountain-view presents itself; Tomies and Glenà directly opposite, the group of hills closing up the entrance to the Upper Lake

adjacent to them, and Turk and Mangerton to the south. Owing to the low, swampy grounds to the east and north of the Lower Lake, and the complete absence of mountains, the remaining prospect quite fails in exciting that interest which the visiter will expect to find created by every scene in the neighbourhood of Killarney. The rising grounds of Aghadoe afford a rest for the eye, but they are too insignificant to form a back-ground to the view. The mountains of Tralee are seen at a distance, but too remote to produce any effect, save at noon or evening, when a distant outline, harmonizes beautifully with the character and colouring of the scene. Here then is the most extensive sheet of uninterrupted water amongst all the enchanting Lakes; and here the only danger in boating on them is to be apprehended, chiefly originating in the difficulty of getting under shelter with sufficient expedition, when a hurricane sweeps down the mountains' side, and rages over the surface of the waters; whereas in any other part of the Lakes, Islands are so numerous that it is hardly possible to be many minutes sail direct from land.

Steering towards Tomies Mountain, which is about one mile and a half from Inisfallen, the eye is delighted by the never-ending variety and change of scenery, momentarily occurring; at first, Tomies and Glenà appear rising abruptly from the water, half clothed with hanging woods, and rearing their naked summits to the skies; upon a nearer approach, they hide their rugged heads, and present a range of forest, nearly six miles in length, and apparently occupying the entire face of the mountains. Reaching the base of Tomies a little bay is perceived, where is a small quay of rude workmanship,

completely characteristic of the scene: on landing, a rugged pathway, along the bank of a foaming torrent, and winding through an almost impenetrable forest, conducts to the famous waterfall, called O'Sullivan's Cascade. The roaring of the torrent, dashing with violent agitation from rock to rock, kindles expectation to the highest, and the waterfall retires so far into the deep bosom of a wooded glen, that, though almost deafened by its roar, you do not catch even a glimpse, until it bursts at once upon the view.

The cascade consists of three distinct falls; the uppermost passing over a ridge of rock, falls about twenty feet perpendicularly into a natural basin beneath, then, making its way between two hanging rocks, the torrent hastens down a second precipice into a similar receptacle, from which second depository, concealed from the view, it rolls over into the lowest chamber of the fall.

Beneath a projecting rock, overhanging the lowest basin, is a grotto with a seat rudely cut in the rock.

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum

————— vivòque sedilia saxo.

Virg. *Æneid*, i. 170.

From this little grotto the view of the Cascade is peculiarly beautiful and interesting: it appears a continued flight of three unequally elevated foamy stages. The recess is encompassed by rocks, and overshadowed by an arch of foliage, so thick as to interrupt the admission of light; the height of the cascade is about seventy feet; and the body of water so considerable, that the noise soon becomes intolerable. Such a combination of circumstances can hardly fail to produce the effect of grandeur and sublimity in a very striking manner.

The stranger not unfrequently sits down to rest within the grotto of O'Sullivan, to contemplate and reflect upon the beauties and the works of Nature, and unless his nerves be of considerable strength, he may chance to be somewhat startled by the sudden appearance of visitors on each side of him; these are the inhabitants of the glens and valleys in the mountains' bosom, who, perceiving the boat making for the shore, hasten to greet the stranger in the rustic cave, and present him with the wild fruit of their happy vales.

The appellation of "*O'Sullivan*" is bestowed upon this fall, from an illustrious family of the name, who were proprietors of the barony of *Dunkerron*, formerly called O'Sullivan's country, and were styled Princes by the Irish. Of this distinguished family there were two branches, the one called M'Fineen Duff, to whom the castle of Ardea belonged, the other O'Sullivan More, proprietors of Dunkerron Castle; from the latter this cascade is most probably named.

Embarking at the rude, unfinished causeway, before mentioned, and coasting along the base of Tomies and Glenà, the scene increases in picturesque effect with every effort of the rowers: the woods of Tomies are not so luxuriant as those of Glenà, being interspersed with birch, while the oak and arbutus in the woods of Glenà enrich the view with colouring of a deeper dye.

In this voyage the deepest water is sailed over, at the bottom of which, the peasantry inhabiting the borders of the Lake assert, that a species of precious stone, called a carbuncle, is to be seen in clear weather. O'Flaherty mentions that pearls have been found in this Lake, "*Et in eo stagno margaritæ multæ reperiuntur, quas ponunt reges in auribus suis;*" latterly but few have been

found in the Lake itself, but several in the river Laune.* Irish pearls have been known and valued, according to Ware, for many centuries ; in 1094, Anslem, archbishop of Canterbury, was presented with a pearl of great value, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick. In the Blackwater river, between Cappoquin and Lismore, a species of muscle is constantly found, containing a kind of seed-pearl ; the country people make use of the shells as spoons. A muscle possessing excellent pearls is also found in the river Arigadeen, in the county of Cork : these fisheries were once of some value, but so many of the pearls found in the south of Ireland are of a dusky colour, and besides, they have been so successfully imitated in France, by SIEUR JANIN, that those of an inferior quality are not worth gathering.

Amethysts have been frequently found in the county of Kerry ; the Earl of Shelbourne had some very valuable stones of this description gathered here ; and the Countess of Kerry presented a necklace and ear-rings of amethysts, found near Kerry-Head, to Queen Caroline (Consort of George II.)

In coasting along the bases of the majestic Tomies and Glenà, towards the Upper Lake, several islands are passed, particularly Stag and Burnt Island, near Glenà Point, under which a narrow channel is formed by an island called Darby's Garden. The cockswain generally informs visitors, that this island was so called from an angler of that name, who addressed Lord Kenmare, as he passed in

* The similarity of proper names, in England and Ireland, has induced a strong belief of the identity of the original languages of both countries : thus the Laune is the same as Lune, which runs by Lancaster, and is pronounced Lune, by the inhabitants of Killarney. Top. Hib.

his yawl to the Upper Lake, and besought the commonage of this rock from his Lordship: but the stranger will find that much more trifling occurrences have been the occasions of naming the islands of Killarney.

Leaving Castle-Lough Bay, studded with islands, and Mucruss Promontory to the left, the usual course is under the woods of Glenà; perhaps there is scarcely any thing in the sublime, the horrible, the picturesque and beautiful, that is not illustrated in the bay of Glenà:—the majestic Turk, the gloomy Mangerton, with a continued chain of dark and lofty mountains behind them; then, the entrance to Turk Lake, and the channel to the upper, possessing beauty and variety; with the bay of Glenà, sheltered by a lofty hill, possessing the scenic character of both the others. The summit of Glenà is bare, naked, barren, wild, and rugged, while the base is clothed with a deep mass of unbroken wood, of rich and varied shades, almost dipping their foliage in the water. On the western shore of Glenà bay, stands a most singular phenomenon, thus described by Bush in his *Hibernia Curiosa*, “I have seen an oak, an ash, an hazel, a birch and a thorn, so incorporated into the trunk of an old lively holly, that they appeared to grow out of its very body, and to exist by feeding on its vitals.” *Bush*, 145. *Holmes*, 126.

In the bay of Glenà will be found a most pleasing echo, from the impending mountains, which is much increased in strength and distinctness of articulation, by the auditor being stationed at a considerable interval from the origin of the sound. This may be readily accomplished, and to the best possible advantage, by a party, attended by two boats, having placed the bugleman in one of them, in the best position for producing an echo,

and then rowing away some distance. This echo, like all others, is much improved by the stillness of evening.

In the bay of Glenà is an excellent fishery of salmon, trout, and perch, but there are no pike in the Lake; parties intending to dine at Glenà Cottage are tolerably secure of being provided with a salmon, taken for the occasion, and drest in a very peculiar manner. The salmon fishery is let for an annual sum, on condition that the persons taking it, supply the market of Killarney, at the rate of 2*d.* per pound. The cottage of Glenà is situated at the base of the mountain of that name, sheltered by a hanging wood of oak, ash, holly, &c. and close to the margin of the lake. The most romantic disposition of mind cannot conceive, nor the most picturesque fancy sketch, a scene more beautiful, more animating, or more captivating; the cottage in the wood, at a little distance, produces ideas of comfort, neatness, beauty and happiness, but upon a nearer approach, the visiter must prepare to see, in a state of extreme neglect, a residence capable of being made one of the most enchanting cottages in the universe. The peasant who resides here has a comfortable little hut behind the cottage, and receives every stranger with courtesy and good-nature; and although the decorations of Glenà Cottage are poor and miserable, yet many happy days have been spent beneath its roof, for its visitors are so enamoured of the natural beauties of the scene, that the embellishments of art are quite forgotten.

Here the salmon, taken alive from the lake, are dressed in a most extraordinary mode, and which, though not prepossessing in appearance, will be found much so in reality. The salmon is split from head to tail, and cut into junks; these are pierced with skewers, made of

arbutus wood, stuck perpendicularly into a sod, and is thus roasted at a turf fire: the arbutus is supposed to impart a very peculiar flavour to the salmon, and the tourist should not condemn it without trial. In this cottage, in 1821, a remarkable instance occurred of the cultivation of the classics among the peasantry in Kerry; the son of the cottager, who attended at table, was admitted and introduced as a poor scholar; some of the party in the cottage addressed him in Latin, upon which he, at first, apologized for not replying in the same language, as he had not read beyond Virgil, but being pressed closely, he shortly proved himself a worthy adversary, and concluded this exhibition by capping verses with greater ease and facility than any person present.

There is a tradition prevalent in this neighbourhood, of a party of Oxford lads, who, coming to visit the Lakes, were heard to express a wish of meeting some of the gentry of Kerry, to hazard a game of capping verses, or other classical feats with them; a few young gentlemen of Killarney, who happened to be present, suggested to them the possibility of being worsted in the contest, for in that county, the very peasants spoke Latin; the Oxonians were not to be deterred, and setting out in their cabriolet next morning, arrived at a ford, where some young women were employed beetling clothes, upon whom they jocularly lavished some lines of Virgil, when, "mirabile dictu," the washerwomen replied in the same language. The Oxonians gazed on each other with surprise and dismay, and hurried along in their cabriolet as fast as their mountain shely could move this unusual conveyance, without once reflecting upon the possibility of deception: these washerwomen being no other

than their Irish companions of the preceding evening, in female habits. The peasantry, of both sexes, are also extremely fond of dancing, and cultivate this accomplishment with extreme industry.

Before we conduct the reader beyond the confines of Glená Bay, the joys of a stag-hunt should be described. Amongst the various phenomena, beauties, amusements, &c. to be witnessed or enjoyed at the Lakes of Killarney, tourists seem to estimate the stag-hunt as the most interesting of all. The joys of the chase were always attractive to the ancient Irish, and Bede calls Ireland, *an Island famous for stag-hunting*; but the sport thus alluded to was of a much more manly, arduous, and warlike character, than the effeminate task of participating in the prepared pageantry of a Killarney stag-hunt. Few visitors have the good fortune to be present at these amusing exploits, although any person who pleases to encounter the expense attendant upon the preparations for the hunt, need not be apprehensive of being refused permission to indulge himself and his friends with the agreeable spectacle.

After leave is granted, a considerable number of persons are employed to conduct the hounds to the appointed rendezvous, from whence they are liberated at an appointed time; some beat the wood and rouse the stag from his retreat in the thicket, while others ascend the heights to prevent his escaping to the mountain's top; although this is not much to be feared, as deer seldom run against a hill. In the mean time the spectators assemble in boats upon the Lake, and row backwards and forwards, directed by the echoes of the hunters' horns, and the bay-ing of the hounds; during the chase amongst the woods the

pursuers submit to much fatigue, without enjoying equal gratification, as the closeness of the trees seldom gives them an opportunity of seeing the stag pursued by the dogs. Meanwhile the patience of the aquatic hunter is put to the test, being frequently obliged to remain several hours on the water, in expectation of ultimately seeing the poor tired creature leap into the deep, and seek for shelter in a distant island: the number and experience of the hunters seldom fail to conclude the chase in the expected manner, and the stag leaping into the Lake, and trying to make the opposite shore, is surrounded by the sportsmen in boats, and borne triumphantly to land.*

The species of deer, inhabiting the woods of Killarney, is called the stag or red deer; it was introduced into England from France, but appears to be an old inhabitant of this country: and, although the red deer continue wild in the Highlands of Scotland, yet those in the woods about Lough Lein are the only remaining part of the great herds that were to be found in the forests which once covered the face of this country; the few remaining in England are confined to the moors that border on Cornwall and Devonshire. Various animals are much pleased by harmonious tones, but none so completely overcome by their influence as the large stag, or red deer, as a proof of which take the following interesting anecdote from Playford's History of Music:—"As I travelled, some years since, near Royston, met a herd of stags, about twenty, on the road, following a bag-

* It would not appear to the reader that this species of stag-hunt is as laborious or dangerous as that spoken of by the venerable Bede, but the author of the *Hibernia Curiosa*, with his usual extravagant pourtraying, says, "there is one imminent danger that awaits the hunter, which is, that he may forget where he is, and jump out of the boat."

pipe and violin, which, while the music played, they went forward, when it ceased they all stood still; and in this manner they were brought out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court." It may be observed, that as the state of the soil is altered, either by cultivation or the course of Nature, the creatures that enjoyed its bounty, are exchanged or annihilated. The red deer, the inhabitant of the forest, disappears according as its places of shelter are removed by the agricultural innovations of man; and the fallow deer is substituted, as ministering more gorgeously to his luxurious appetites.

The wolf, once a well-known and dreaded inhabitant of Ireland, has been totally extirpated: first his retreats were destroyed, next a reward offered for his head, and the last ever taken in this kingdom, was caught in these woods. Edgar was so resolved upon destroying this hateful species of animal, that he commuted the punishments for certain crimes, upon the production of a certain number of wolves' tongues. This determined conduct soon cleared England of these blood-thirsty animals, while Ireland still continued to be oppressed and inconvenienced by their depredations; and even so late as 1710, a presentment was laid before the Grand Jury of the County of Cork, for the destroying of wolves. The Welch were also relieved from this natural grievance, by the wisdom of some of their early legislators; Camden informs us, that certain lands were held on the express condition, that the tenant should clear them of wolves; and it is an authenticated fact, that the annual tribute of gold and silver, levied upon Wales, was not unfrequently commuted for one of wolves' heads and carcasses.

Another animal peculiar to Ireland, and which abounded in this country, is the dog called by natural-

lists "the Irish greyhound," or wolf dog. Some of these noble animals, Goldsmith affirms he saw arrived at a height of four feet; and Bewick assures us it is an over-match for the mastiff or bull-dog. It resembles a common greyhound in form, but is stronger made, and was used formerly to clear the country of wolves; but its services being no longer necessary, the race became nearly extinct, along with its old and inveterate enemy; for some years since, but eight Irish greyhounds were in existence, the property of the Earl of Altamont; and, at this day, it is supposed two remain, which are in the possession of a gentleman in Dublin; but even this is erroneous, for, although these dogs greatly resemble the *Canis Graius Hibernicus*, they are really of a Danish breed.

It would be almost unjustifiable to overlook this opportunity of introducing a few observations upon an animal of enormous size, once also an inhabitant of this island, but of which, except the horns and bones found in the bogs in various parts of the kingdom, nothing remains to demonstrate its existence: this is the Moose Deer, of which the fossil horns and teeth have been dug up in several places. This animal has neither been perfectly classified, nor scarcely even treated of by any writer, the natural history of Ireland having been almost totally neglected.

Naturalists are not agreed to what precise class the animal, whose horns are dug up in Ireland, belongs. The conclusion to be drawn from the majority of opinions is, that they must have been those of the Moose Deer, *not the elk*. The horns are of different lengths, varying, in the chord of the antlers, from twelve to fourteen feet, and the sum of the lengths of the antlers and *os frontis*,

from fifteen to eighteen. Such an enormous weight must have required an animal of extraordinary strength and size to support it; and from this, as well as from the skeleton also dug up, it has been concluded, that the stately creature, who once bore such stupendous antlers on its head, must have been upwards of twelve feet high. The horns found, branch very differently from those of the elk; they are palmated at the upper extremity, and possess projections both on the inferior and superior processes. The extinction of this species of animal cannot, probably, be satisfactorily explained; but the following account may, perhaps, lead the reader to happier explanations of the circumstance:—In Lapland, where this animal, or certainly one approaching indefinitely near to this species, exists, a murrain, or pestilential disorder, frequently destroys the whole race in a season; yet from the connection or continuity of land, the loss is supplied by a body of migrators from a neighbouring country; supposing, therefore, a pestilence to have raged in this island, so as to cut off the remaining part of a species, already thinned by the sport of the huntsman, the discontinuity of land would prevent the possibility of a fresh supply, and thus the species would become extinct in this country for ever, and its existence ascertained, in after ages, only by the fossil horns, which may be called the medals of creation.

This conjecture is somewhat strengthened by the circumstance of several heads and antlers being discovered in the same spot, particularly those found in Mr. Osborne's orchard, at Dardistown, in the county of Meath, which were all close together, and, like all others, found deposited in a bed of marl.

A very large pair of antlers, found in the county of

Clare, by Mr. Vandeleur, was presented by his Grace the Duke of Ormond to King Charles II, and suspended in the horn-gallery at Hampton Court. Antlers of the same description were preserved in Portumna Castle, the seat of Earl Clanrickard; at Turvey, the seat of Lord Trimlestown; at Stack Allen, the seat of Lord Boyne, in the county of Meath; and at other places.

Though antlers of considerable dimensions have been dug up in other parts of Europe, yet they do not appear to be precisely the same, nor in such numbers as those found in Ireland. Fossil horns were found by Mr. Knowles, near North Dreighton, in Yorkshire, and others in the canal of Ourcq, near to Seviau, in the Forest of Bondi; but the induction from so few specimens might be very fallacious.

It is said that this animal is to be met with in Canada, and is particularly plentiful amongst the Algonquin nation, from whose language the name *Musu* is borrowed: they hunt them frequently with their canoes on the Lake, in a manner somewhat analogous to the Killarney stag-hunt*; and here it may be remarked, that the productions of Ireland, particularly those of the western coast, greatly resemble those of the Transatlantic world†.

Turk Lake.

LEAVING Glenà Cottage and Bay, the Islands of Dinis and Brickeen invite our attention; these Islands separate Turk from the Lower Lake, and form narrow passages, or

* See Jocelyn's New England Rarities, and Baron LeHontan's Voyages.

† Phil. Trans. No. 368.

canals, by which alone Turk Lake can be entered. There are passages on *both sides of Dinis Island*, and a third under Brickeen bridge. This bridge unites the extremity of the promontory of Mucruss with Brickeen Island; it consists of one gothic arch, whose altitude is seventeen feet, and span twenty-seven, and was built by the late Colonel Herbert. The most desirable entrance is by the Glenà side of Dinis Island, which, though more circuitous to navigate, is much the most beautiful, and of the most novel character. The passage is like a river enclosed by rich and verdant banks, crowned with the most luxuriant groves of various trees, close to the water's edge: it is a sylvan and aquatic scene of the most delicate and pleasing character, without any mixture whatever of the sublime or grand, but confined to the beautiful solely, and of such beauty as the eye loves to dwell upon.

After being enclosed for some short time in this enchanting and retired scene, Turk Lake suddenly appears, through a narrow vista, and produces a very singular effect by the extreme abruptness with which the view of the expanse of water breaks in upon you. The visiter should land, however, on the banks of the wooded canal, upon Dinis Island, and wander through the lawns and groves of flowing arbutus, which enrich and beautify this little Eden. The taste of the Colonel was too chaste, and his judgment too discerning, to neglect this happy little spot, so much adorned by Nature; and, having cut walks through the woods, he erected a large and comfortable cottage on a sloping lawn, looking towards Mangerton, and Turk Cottage. Here parties frequently dine, and are very comfortably accommodated, and treated with that politeness which is characteristic of the inhabitants of this neighbourhood. The banqueting-room commands

a view of the Lake from one extremity to the other, with Turk and Mangerton Mountains, and the Cottage of Turk, with its improved pleasure-grounds. Here also the visiter will have his salmon, which is perhaps some of the finest in the south of Ireland, dressed upon arbutus skewers, as at Glenà. While the passengers are engaged in wandering over the Island, or refreshing within the cottage, the boat is generally rowed to the front of the cottage in Turk Lake, where it awaits at the foot of the gently sloping bank. Coasting along the south-side of the Lake, Turk Mountain appears particularly sublime, having acquired, by proximity, that apparent height which its neighbour Mangerton denies it at a greater distance. The precipitous brow of Turk appears thickly wooded to a considerable height, and down to the very water; the Lake itself, which multiplies its forests, at the same time receives a dark and gloomy colouring from the reflection of the impending height. The opposite shore forms a striking contrast to this: there the peninsula of Mucruss is extended, elevated but a little above the Lake, and consisting of a bed of mouldering and excavated rocks, thickly covered with wood. It has been for some time in contemplation to carry the new line of road from Kenmare to Killarney, across the front of Turk Mountain, and immediately over the Lake; but this has been opposed, under the impression that it would interrupt the beauty, retirement, and tranquillity of the scene: although this appears very questionable. The new road in the vale of Avoca is an improvement to the beauty of the scenery; and how has the new line in North Wales interrupted the sublimity of that beautiful region?

At the remote or eastern extremity of the Lake, stands Turk Cottage, a private retreat of Mr. Herbert; it con-

tains several small, neat apartments, with a library of miscellaneous books. The pleasure-grounds around are highly improved, and carefully attended to.

Behind the cottage, at the distance of about a furlong, in a chasm between Turk and Mangerton Mountains, is Turk Cascade, a fall of about sixty feet, which, in rainy seasons, exhibits one continued sheet of foam, from the stage whence it shoots to the natural basin below; it is supplied from a small lake, formed in the hollow of the summit of Mangerton, called the Devil's Punch Bowl, and the rivulet is thence denominated "The Devil's Stream." This cataract, after falling into a deep and gloomy reservoir below, hurries impetuously along the bottom of a rocky glen, and passing beneath a small bridge of Gothic arches, mingles its waters with those of the lake. One side of the glen is completely perpendicular, and richly clothed with larch and fir, planted by Colonel Herbert. Owing to the extreme perpendicularity of the sides of the glen, immediately near the waterfall, the men employed in planting the firs, were obliged to be lowered by ropes from the top, carrying the young trees with them, and seeking for a bed of earth of sufficient depth to protect their roots; and in this tedious, expensive, and dangerous manner, Turk Cascade has been so improved by human aid, that the majority of strangers would prefer it to O'Sullivan's Cascade on the Lower Lake, or Derry-Cunihy Waterfall on the Upper.

There is a bridle road leading from Turk Cottage to Mucruss House and Abbey, which is not very interesting, being overhung by the bleak brow of Mangerton; and visitors have an infinite advantage by viewing the surrounding scenery from the lake. Rowing round the

eastern extremity, there is an uninterrupted prospect of the whole of Turk Lake, which is about two miles long, and one broad; then sailing by a little embayment, in the very centre of which is a small island, the course is along the rugged shores of Mucruss Peninsula. Devil's Island and Bay particularly demand notice. The Island is a mass of rock of considerable elevation, having some shrubs upon its summit, and appears to have been thrown off from the shore of Mucruss by some convulsive shock of nature.

Coasting along the northern shore of Turk Lake, pass Brickeen Bridge, and return to the cottage on Dinis Island. A walk round this little richly-wooded spot will amply compensate the tourist, by the endless variety of scenery presented at every change of place or position, and the foliage on this island is the most luxuriant imaginable.

Passage to the Upper Lake.

ENTERING the river again, the navigation against the current is found very difficult; and though the visiter is completely enraptured by the pleasing character of the scenery to be met with in this watery defile connecting the Lakes, the boatmen are occupied in a very different manner, being obliged to put forth all their energies to overcome the violence of the stream. In the most rapid part of the river, not far from Old Weir Bridge, an eddy is shown, usually called O'Sullivan's Punch Bowl; it is extremely like those whirlpools near Bangor

Ferry, called the Swillies. The company generally disembark, and walk along the banks, while the boatmen draw up the boat by a rope attached to the prow. The interest of the scene is rather increased by this little interruption, and the difficulty of pushing the boat through one of the arches of Old Weir Bridge, heightens it still farther. The bridge, which consists of two arches of equal dimensions, is thrown across the stream where there is a rapid of great violence ; and in returning from the Upper Lake, it is necessary to undergo the ceremony of shooting the arch, which persons of weak nerves should not attempt ; for any confusion amongst the passengers, would destroy the equilibrium of the boat, and most probably cause it to strike against a rock. But although accidents might occur, it is also certain that scarcely any serious injury has ever been sustained in passing either up or down the current.

Pursuing the voyage along this natural and serpentine canal, various small islands and grotesque rocks are pointed out. Miss Plummer's Island is soon passed, and shortly after a large mass of rock, called the Man of War, presents itself ; it is exceedingly like the work of art, to which the cockswain compares it, and the analogy is farther preserved by a large yew upon its summit, whose stem and branches are the representatives of the mast and sails.

The Eagle's Nest is the next important object in the passage. It is placed in a hanging crag, near the summit of an almost perpendicular rock of a pyramidal form, and twelve or thirteen hundred feet in height. When viewed from a distance, this much-celebrated rock, so frequently the subject of the painter and the poet, appears quite contemptible, from the superior height of



Engraved by T. H. Johnson from a Drawing by G. F. Davis, for the Standard Dictionary

THE STANDARD DICTIONARY.

*Printed by
R. F. Johnson.*



the adjacent mountains ; but the approach to its base, by the river, is picturesque and sublime in the highest degree, since the river runs directly to its foot, and there turns off abruptly, so that the rock is seen from its base to the summit, without interruption ; and the projecting masses of huge broken fragments in the centre, tend to complete the magnificence of the object. The base is covered with wood, and a few shrubs appear scattered over the face of the rock up to the very apex of the pyramid.

It is from this sublime and stupendous rock the sound is returned in so miraculous a manner, that it is considered one of the most singular phenomena in existence. A small hillock on the opposite side of the river, usually called the " Station for Audience," is used as the resting place of a paterara, which is carried in the boat from Killarney : the gunner is placed on one side of the hillock, and the auditor on the other, and upon the discharge of the piece, a roaring is heard in the bosom of the opposite mountain, like a peal of thunder, or the discharge of a train of artillery, and this echo is multiplied a number of times, after which it gradually fades away, like the rolling of distant thunder.* The exact residence of the eagle may be distinguished by a black mark near the vertex of the rock, and the noble inhabitant is frequently seen soaring above the heads of passengers on the river, and directing their admiring gaze towards his inaccessible retreat. The sound of a musical instrument produces reverberations of quite a different character from that of the musket or small cannon. The only instrument that

* See echoes more minutely treated of p. 16.

can be procured at Killarney is a bugle, which is peculiarly appropriate for the production of echoes, and in 1821, one of the best performers in Great Britain, Spallane, afforded the visitors to Lough Lein an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity by listening, amid the rude recesses of the mountains, to the most ecstatic tones, and the most dulcet harmony, apparently produced by preternatural influence.

Leaving the Eagle's Nest, rocks and islands succeed in endless variety of form. Holly Island, the Four Friends, &c. and the mountain denominated Newfoundland, begin now to appear southward. The river meanders even more than at its northern entrance, and, at the precise opening to the Upper Lake, narrows so much, that there appears no egress from the last basin of the river.

In sailing along the Channel of Communication between the Lakes, many sublime mountain views may be had, particularly at the northern extremity of the Man-of-War Rock, looking towards Lord Brandon's Tower; and again near the rocks called the Cannon and Balls.

The passage is generally considered to be about three miles in length, and in point of beauty, extent, and situation, is quite unique, in mountain scenery, neither Wales, Wicklow, nor the English Lakes, possessing any thing of a similar description. It is bounded on the north-west by Glenà and the *Long Range* Mountains, and on the south-east by the Drooping Mountain (Cromiglaun), and the base of Turk. In the Summer season the rocks enclosing the channel of the river are much disfigured by the falling of the waters; being of a cellular nature, the soft slime and mud carried down by the wintry torrents, are deposited in the inequalities of the rocky substance;

and on the falling of the surface of the lakes in dry weather, a dark water-mark remains, extremely unpleasant to the eye.

The entrance into the Upper Lake is contracted into a narrow passage, of about thirty feet in breadth, usually called Coleman's Leap, from a tradition that a person of this name once leaped across the chasm ; and on the west side may be seen the impression of the adventurer's feet in the solid rock.* The contraction in this place is occasioned by a peninsula, called Coleman's Eye, which strikingly represents the form of the human eye, when viewed upon a map.

Here the boatmen having given several violent pulls of the oars, are compelled to ship them altogether, trusting to the impulse given by their efforts for being able to pass the gap, for it is not of sufficient breadth to permit the oars to ply. Coleman's Leap once passed, you are upon the Upper Lake.

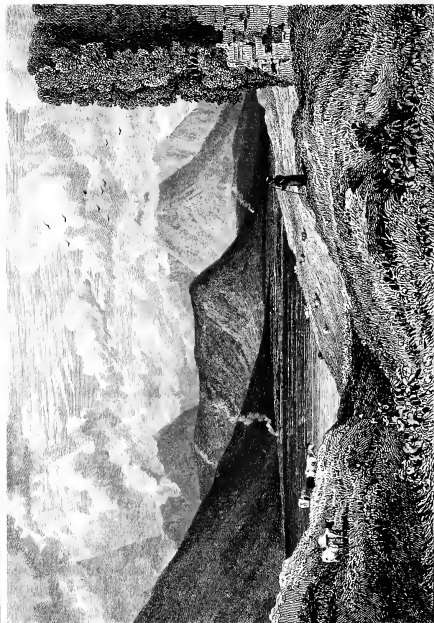
* Impressions of feet in the solid rock are not uncommon "*lusus naturæ*." About five miles from the head of Kenmare River, in the heart of the mountains, and near a small brook, is a rock, usually called by an Irish name which signifies "The Fairy Rock." On this are to be seen the impressions of several human feet, some naked, others with shoes on, and those of all sizes from infancy to manhood. From the appellation bestowed upon the Fairy Rock, it is plain the peasant has attributed this effect to preternatural causes, but the naturalist removes the difficulty, by supposing that this and other rocks may once have been in a fluid or soft state, and consequently susceptible of impressions, and become petrified in the course of time, as we know many kinds of clay do. This hypothesis might also explain the phenomenon of the impressions of two large feet on the summit of Adam's Peak, in the Island of Ceylon, as well as those mentioned by Dr. Behrens in his Natural History ; one, the impression of a young woman's foot, who was supposed to have been escaping from the hands of a too importunate gallant, in the forest of Hartz, in Germany ; the other of a horse-shoe in a solid rock, near the village of Thal, in Switzerland.

Upper Lake.

THE character of the Upper Lake, which has frequently been compared with the Derwent-Water, in Cumberland, is quite distinct from that of Turk or the Lower Lake. It is entirely encompassed by mountains ; and, on looking back, the pass by which you entered upon its surface, is totally lost in the confusion of hill, promontory, and bay. In this retreat from the busy scenes of life, the beautiful and the sublime are exquisitely united ; the expanse of water is no where very great, except near the entrance, by Coleman's Leap ; but the number of islands is very considerable.

To the south, Cromiglaun Mountain rises from the very water, behind which is *Esknamucky*, from which runs a considerable stream, falling into the Lake, in a bay parallel to the passage between the Lakes, and possessing a beautiful fall, called *Esknamucky Cascade*. To the west of Cromiglaun, or the Drooping Mountain, is Derry-Cunihy ; in a glen to the west of which is a pretty little cottage and demesne belonging to the Rev. Mr. Hyde, in the vicinity of the beautiful fall called after the mountain itself. Mr. Hyde's cottage is a private residence ; therefore, although the politeness of the proprietor permits the approach of strangers to his cottage, they should not expect nor wish for permission to disturb this gentleman's domestic retirement. The cockswain should inform his party, that this cottage is not intended as a banqueting-room, and that permission to walk through these grounds is a special favour. To the west of Derry-Cunihy Mountain, and separated by the river *Kavoge*, is Derry-Dimna Mountain, one of whose sides is clothed





Engraved by T. Barber from a Drawing by G. Petrie for the Guide to Killarney.

MAC GILLA-CUDDY'S REEKS from AGHADOE.

*Printed by
R. Jenner.*

with a rich wood. The *Coombui* Mountains are seen in the distance towards the south-west point, and *Barnasna* more westerly. In the west also are seen *Baum*, with its conical summit, and Mac Gilly Cuddy's Reeks, with their lofty, shattered, and shelving tops. These hills, the highest in Kerry, are composed of a sort of stone, which is easily shivered by the storms, after Winter, and slides down the steep precipitous face of the mountains, nor rests until it reaches the deep ravines at the foot of these almost inaccessible cliffs, so that it may, perhaps with some reason, be concluded, that their height is somewhat diminished in the lapse of time. The nearest of the Reeks to the Lake is called Ghirmeen, or Gheramine.* At the foot of Ghirmeen is the entrance to the wild and beautifully sequestered valley of Comme Duff. The river which waters this enchanting vale, is navigable as far as the boat-house of Lord Brandon, where is a place for disembarking, whence a path-way leads to the cottage of his Lordship, totally embosomed in wood.

In the centre of the garden attached to the cottage, on the summit of a little eminence, stands a round tower, about forty feet high, erected by his Lordship, probably in imitation of the ancient towers in Ireland, of which it is an exact resemblance; the situation too, being not unlike that of the tower of Glendaloch, in the county of Wicklow, is precisely such as the ancient projectors of these extraordinary edifices would have selected. There is a ladder inside, (rather inconvenient on account of its extreme perpendicularity,) by which you may ascend the summit, where is an extensive prospect of the

* Ghirmeen is also called Doogery, and Derry-Carnagh; opposite Ghirmeen are the hills of Cahirnee, Derry-Lishigane, Galloveely, and Derry-Arde. Cromiglaun includes also the hill of Bolinendra.

unexplored valley and lakes of Comme Duff, the sides of the prodigious mountains closing up the vale, and the islands of the Upper Lake, with the always-obtruding Turk, which appears of a perfectly different form and outline in this situation from its general shape and appearance. Perhaps it would not be proper to direct the tourist to the cottage of Gheramine and to Lord Brandon's tower, as being completely accessible to the "foe and the stranger," since an introduction to his Lordship is thought necessary.

North of the Lake are Ghirmeen and the Purple Mountain, at a distance; the Long Range, backed by the Purple Mountain, Tomies, and Glenà. The Purple Mountain is very properly so denominated from the purple hue it possesses when seen from almost any quarter, and by any light. This extraordinary colour is attributed by most tourists to the heath, "*or rather to a little nameless plant, bearing a purple flower, that covers the surface of the mountain ;*" but this is certainly a mistake, and the cause of its continuance was the want of originality in the writers who described the beauties of Killarney, and who took up this idea without sufficient examination, merely because it was current before. When the sun shines strongly upon the summit of this mountain, a quantity of loose stones shivered on its surface may be seen, which reflect a purple colour, and to which the hue of the mountain is to be attributed; this opinion is also adopted by that accomplished, judicious, and learned tourist Sir R. C. Hoare.

The islands in the Upper Lake are very numerous, and many of some importance; they generally consist of a green stone, which, close to the water, assumes a dark, muddy hue. This does not occur in the Lower Lake, nor

in Turk, to the same extent, the islands in them being of limestone, which admits of such varieties of fantastic forms.

And here, as in all her works, Nature has proved herself the most accomplished artist, in adapting the light and airy tints of the limestone rock to the gay and luxuriant shores of Glenà and Mucruss; and the more dingy shadows to the bold, terrific, and savage features of the Upper Lake. This exposure of the rocky bases of the Islands, and stony strands, which occurs in the Lakes of Kerry, forms a distinguishing character between these and the English Lakes, where the green sod always confines the apparently overflowing waters, producing the idea of eternal plenitude.

The most prominent of the Islands, upon entering the Upper Lake, is Oak Isle, or Rossburkie, a very beautiful object, rising from a rocky base, and crowned with wood; from its shores is a splendid and majestic view of the loftiest mountains, grouped in the most varied manner. The Reeks, Sugar Loaf, and Purple Mountain are most striking and grand, and Turk, which is now left behind, assumes a totally different aspect. The space between this and Turk is occupied by the fantastic promontory of Newfoundland, over-hanging the inlet into which the Eskinamucky falls. A walk along the banks of this last-mentioned stream will surprise and delight the tourist; but such little expeditions can be undertaken and enjoyed only by one who has a longer period at his disposal than visitors generally bestow upon the Lakes.

Doubling Coffin Point, the headland sheltering the bay or inlet of Derry-Cunnihy, the waterfalls in the river Kavoge are approached; these are more numerous, and generally better supplied than any amongst the Lakes,

and embosomed in the most enchanting sylvan scenery. From Coffin Point is a commanding view of the Long Range, Ghirmeen, and Mac Gillicuddy's Reeks. Coasting along the shores of Derry-Cunnihy and Derry-Dimna Mountains, a little archipelago is entered, containing seven islands.

Passing Eagle's Island the visiter is surprised at the sight of a solitary cottage on one of these little water-girt isles, more lofty than the rest. It was built by Mr. Ronan, a gentleman of independent fortune, who usually spent two or three months in each year, in this secluded spot, devoting most of his time to shooting and fishing. In the Summer of 1821, Ronan's cottage was in a state of wretchedness and ruin. Parties, sometimes, bring their provisions from Killarney and dine here; but owing to the miserable accommodation, the cottages of Glenà, Dinis, and Inisfallen, are generally preferred. The island is thickly wooded with oak, arbutus, &c. and is accessible only in one spot, close to the cottage. A path winding round the island conducts at last to an eminence about thirty feet above the surface of the Lake, whence there is a very extensive prospect towards Carriguline, Derry-Cunnihy, and all the surrounding mountains. The surface of this island is covered with infinite strata of decayed leaves and brambles. Those at a great depth are bound and united in such a manner, as to form one continued mass of putrefied matter, becoming, in proportion to its depth from the surface, darker in colour, until at the bottom, where the dissolution is most perfect, and the pressure greatest, it is one continued black turf. This fact may tend to explain how many of the bogs in Ireland may have been formed; for it is perfectly ascertained, that most of the mountains, and even

a great portion of the plains, were once thickly covered with forest trees.*

The same combination is also discoverable in other islands in the Lakes, but is most obvious upon Ronan's.

Leaving Ronan's Island, and pursuing a westerly course, Stag Island next presents itself, of a similar character to the others in this Lake, its rocks crowned with rich foliage. Beyond this, the valley between Ghirmeen and Barnasna lies expanded before you, and in centre the stately tower of Lord Brandon is seen rising above the woods. The other islands in this cluster are called M'Carthy's, Duck, and Arbutus. The channels between them open to new and varied scenes, which, combined with panoramic views of rock, wood, and mountain, produce one of the most awfully sublime pictures in Nature. The northern shore affords equal beauty and variety of prospect; and, after sailing under the Long Range, conducts back once more to the singularly contracted entrance at Coleman's Leap.

The stream now carries the boat along so pleasantly, that the assistance of the oar is hardly necessary. The former views along the passage are transposed, and Turk is hardly recognised, appearing so black and shapeless.

The navigation of this natural canal is peculiarly delightful at evening time: the smoothness of the water, in which are seen reflected the woods and hills; the stillness

* Upon a close inspection of the Irish turf, it will be found to consist of fibres of moss, grass, branches, leaves, with a small quantity of earth, whence it is easily reduced to ashes. Whereas the Dutch turf consists entirely of earthy matter, which is very heavy, even when dry, and burns for a considerable time, producing also an excellent charcoal.

of the atmosphere, so appropriate to the production of echoes beneath the Eagle's Nest, the meandering of the river, and the exuberance and luxuriance of the arbutus, yews, and hollies which clothe the banks, produce the most delightful and gratified feelings.

It is quite absurd to point out particular stations where advantageous views may be had, for the precise spot can seldom be discovered; and besides, every tourist finds the greatest pleasure in making such discoveries for himself; and stations would be multiplied *in infinitum*, if all those that are worth mentioning were pointed out here: yet general hints may sometimes be given with advantage. In visiting the Upper Lake, the stranger ought to endeavour to ascend Cromiglaun, from whose summit is a most agreeable bird's-eye view of the Lake and Islands; for, in consequence of their irregular disposition, a person merely sailing round the Upper Lake, carries away a very imperfect idea of its shape or magnitude.

The Upper Lake is about *two miles and a half in length*, but its breadth irregular. The rocks and islands are inhabited by hawks, ospreys, eagles, and other birds of prey. In a tour through Ireland, made in the year 1797, by Mr. Holmes, is the following very just estimate of the comparative picturesque merits of the three Lakes of Killarney, and the serpentine river which connects them: "I should distinguish the Upper Lake as being the most sublime; the Lower the most beautiful; and Turk, or Mucruss, the most picturesque: the winding passage, leading to the Upper, contains a surprising combination of the three, and probably is not to be exceeded by any spot in the world."

Mr. Curwen, whose taste and feeling as a tourist are

acknowledged and admired, and whose admiration of the beauties of Nature is sufficiently testified by his residence on Windermere, institutes a very just comparison between the Lakes of Killarney and those in the north of England. "As a landscape for casual contemplation," says Mr. Curwen, "I should prefer Killarney; as a permanent residence, I should choose Windermere." No tourist has ever indulged in more rapturous expressions of admiration and ecstasy, or been so sensibly affected by the sublime scenery of Killarney, as the celebrated agriculturalist just quoted; but there is one passage in his interesting narrative, which seems to have been written under different feelings, and when memory refused to renew his former pleasures: "that is the description of the passage between the Lakes, which has here been spoken of in terms of extravagance and delight. Mr. Curwen says, "We had to pass for two miles up a narrow rapid river, whose rushy sides, with the flat, boggy ground between the mountains, were by no means consonant to the high ideas we had formed of the approach to the Upper Lake. As a foil, however, nothing of contrast could be more effectually disposed." To this opinion he will hardly procure a proselyte.

Mucruss Abbey.

LEAVING the village of Killarney to the north, and directing our course towards Mangerton, several gentlemen's seats are passed: Woodlawn Cottage, on the river Flesk; Cahernane, the seat of R. T. Herbert, esq.; Lord Headly's Lodge, on the opposite side of the road; and Castle Lough demesne, the seat of Dr. Lawler. The demesne of Cahernane is extensive and interesting, although the grounds are perfectly flat, and Castle Lough formerly boasted a strong but small fortress, built upon a rock, which, having surrendered to Colonel Hieromè Sankey, was so totally demolished by the Parliament's army, under Ludlow,* that scarcely a trace of it can now be discovered. A broad and level road, over-shaded by full-grown limes, leads from Flesk bridge to the village of Cloghereen, a distance of about two miles from Killarney. Here is the entrance to the beautiful and romantic demesne of Mucruss.

On entering the village, a small mean gate-way on the right admits to Mucruss grounds; just within the gate is an old building, formerly occupied by the miners employed on the peninsula. Crossing a little stream, and stretching a short distance across a beautifully sloping and verdant lawn, the steeple of† Irrelagh, or Mucruss Abbey, rears its venerable head amongst the lofty Limes and Ashes.

The visiter is at first disappointed by the lowness of the steeple and walls of the Abbey in general, but this defect is amply compensated for by other attendant circumstances.

* See Ross Castle.

† i. e. on the Lakes.

According to Archdall this Abbey was founded by Donald, son of Thady M'Carthy, in 1440,* for conventual Franciscans, and further improved and repaired by him in 1468, a few months before his death. In 1602 it was re-edified by the Roman Catholics, but was soon after suffered to go to ruin.

The Abbey consisted of a nave, choir, transept, and cloisters, with every apartment necessary to render it a complete and comfortable residence for the venerable inmates who once dwelt there. It is even now so perfect, that, were it more so, the ruin would be less pleasing. The entrance is by a pointed door-way, ornamented with an architrave, highly enriched by an infinity of plain mouldings. The interior of the choir is awful, gloomy, and solitary, heightened almost to the terrific, by the indecent custom of piling the melancholy remains of mortality in every corner ; and so familiar is the care-taker with these sad relics, that he has even had the indelicacy and hardihood to group them here and there in fantastic forms. Sir John Carr speaks of this in very strong language: "So loaded with the contagion is the air in this spot, that every principle of humanity imperiously calls upon the indulgent owner, to exercise his right of closing it up as a place of sepulture in future. I warn every one who visits Killarney, as he values life, not to enter this Abbey. Contrast renders doubly horrible the ghastly contemplation of human dissolution, tainting the surrounding air with pestilence, in a spot which Nature has enriched with a profusion of romantic beauty." This statement is ra-

* There was a religious house on the same site before this period, as appears from a MS. in Trinity College, Dublin, wherein it is stated that "the Church of Irrelagh was burned in 1192."

ther overcharged, and the request here made of closing the cemetery totally impracticable in a country where religious superstition prevails so strongly.

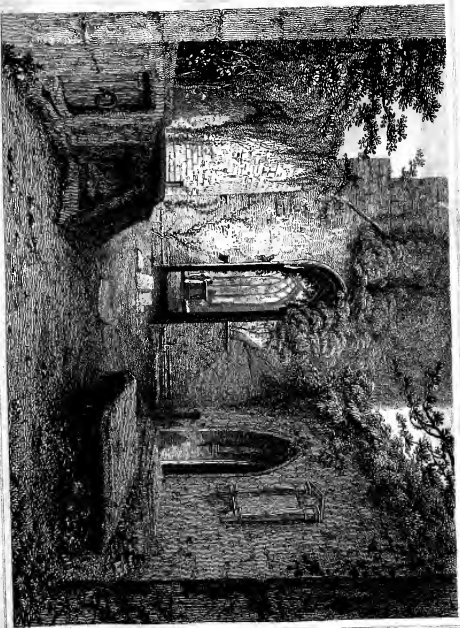
The choir is entered by a narrow pointed arch of sufficient breadth to admit a distant view of the tomb of the M'Carthy Mores, and the great eastern window. The steeple rests upon four lofty, narrow, pointed arches, and is of rather trifling dimensions.

This Abbey, says Archdall, has continued to be the cemetery of the M'Carthy's. Donald, Earl of Clancare, and Patrick, Lord Kerry, the Earl's nephew, who died in 1600, lie entombed here. In the floor of the choir is a large marble flag bearing the arms of the M'Carthy Mores. In the northern wall of the choir, in the corner, is a monument bearing an inscription to the memories of Donald M'Finee and Elizabeth his wife, dated 1631; and in the same wall is the following inscription in church text: "*Orate pro felici statu Thadi Holeni, qui hunc sacrum conventum, de novo, reparare curavit, Anno Domini 1626.*"

Many valuable relics were said to be preserved in this Abbey. An image of the Virgin Mary, of miraculous powers, was also said to belong to it. The landed property, amounting to four acres, two orchards, and one garden, estimated at 16s. per annum, was granted to Captain Robert Collam, upon the dissolution of religious establishments throughout the kingdom, in the 37th of Elizabeth; but from the date of the inscription on the northern wall of the choir (1626) it is obvious the monks continued to inhabit it some time after.

A large stone in one angle of the choir, of rather modern date, bears the following extraordinary inscription:

T. S. D. m^c: m: Rahily: oR⁴



Engraved by J. Hyland, from a Drawing by A. P. Keble, for the Guide to Muckross.

Printed by
R. Turner

INTERIOR OF MUCKROSS ABBEY.



There is a small chapel branching from the choir, entered by a handsome pointed door-way enriched with plain mouldings. The steeple once contained a bell, which, not many years ago, was found in the Lough, and recognised, by the inscription upon it, as the former property of Mucruss Abbey.

The cloister is even more perfect than the steeple or choir; it is a dismal area of forty feet square, encompassed by an arcade, lighting the surrounding corridore, which is about five feet in breadth; on two of the adjacent sides are twelve arches of the *Saxon style*, while those of the two remaining sides, ten in number, are in the *pointed style* of architecture. The pillars of the arcade are composed of a greyish marble, unornamented, except by a few horizontal grooves at equal intervals. In the centre of the cloister stands a majestic yew, whose stem rises perpendicularly to the height of about thirty feet, and whose sheltering branches are flung across the battlements, so as to form a perfect canopy. The gloominess of the cloister is so much increased by this curious circumstance, that some persons have not nerves sufficiently strong to endure a lengthened visit within its precincts. The guide generally recommends visitors to beware of injuring this sacred tree; and a story is gravely narrated of a soldier who having the impious audacity to strip a small piece of the bark with his pen-knife, instantly expired on the spot where this sacrilege was committed. Beneath this gloomy shade four tombs, devoid of inscription, and of recent date, are discovered, probably belonging to persons of the religious order. The remaining part of the ruin contains the different apartments appropriated to the accommodation of the original recluses who inhabited these cloisters. On the ground-

floor is a long narrow room, but imperfectly lighted, called the cellar ; the ceiling, which is an arch of stone, is rather a subject of curiosity, as showing most clearly the manner in which arches were thrown or turned by the masons of ancient days. A frame of wicker-work, tolerably strong, was covered with a thick coat of mud or *marl*, and being reduced into the required shape, used as the mould to build upon ; the wicker-work being removed, the marl adhered to the arch, and is still perfectly obvious. The floor of the wine-cellar exhibits a spectacle shocking to humanity ; lids of coffins, with their commemorating inscriptions, skulls and bones, which have not yet lost the odour of putrefaction, lie strewn upon the ground. In a small closet, near the wine-cellar, myriads of coffin boards are stowed in, so that all entrance is prevented. At Ardfert and Lislaghtin, in this county, the same abominable practice is also permitted.

Over the cellar is the kitchen of the monks, with its floor perfect, but without a roof, and there John Drake, a pilgrim, lived for the space of twenty years, and withdrew secretly after this long penance. Next to the kitchen is the refectory, preserving a chimney-piece, or rather fireplace, and might have been a very comfortable apartment. The dormitory is also tolerably complete, and was a long narrow room, capable of accommodating a number of persons of humble habits of life. A second pilgrim took up his abode in the upper chambers of the Abbey, but his devotion was not so sincere as that of his predecessor ; for, after a lapse of two years, he thought proper to retire. The Festival of St. Francis, the patron saint, is celebrated here in the month of July, upon which occasion the peasantry assemble in great numbers, to receive the benedictions of their pastors, and

make their confessions amongst the tombs and ruined walls of this venerable building. Nothing can inspire a more sincere feeling of reverence and awe than a glimpse of the reverend minister seated on a tomb, within the dark and gloomy recesses of the Abbey, attentively listening, or fervently praying over the penitent prostrate at his feet. The cemetery on the south of the Abbey is crowded with tombs and monuments. Persons of property generally hollow out a rock, and throw an arch over, which permits the coffins to be pushed in at one end, and is afterwards closed by a large block of stone in which a ring is inserted ; but the poorer classes are laid in the earth, seldom more than twelve inches below the surface.

The variety of trees and plants around the walls of the Abbey, is probably greater than in any other spot in the neighbourhood ; limes, elms, ash, sycamore, horse-chesnut, &c. besides one plant, the wild hop, which is met with only here. There is one more circumstance connected with this Abbey, which, though not more peculiar to it than to other favourite burying places in Ireland, yet, from the frequency of its occurrence here, and the scene where it may be witnessed, is interesting to a stranger, and is quite characteristic of the Irish nation,—I mean the “ Irish Cry.”

The custom of pouring forth a loud strain of lamentation at the funerals of their friends and relatives, though now, probably, peculiar to Ireland, is of very ancient date, and can be traced back to heathen origin with tolerable certainty. As far as the analogy of languages will prove, there is very singular testimony to this point : the Hebrew is *Huluul* ; the Greek, *Hololuzo* ; the Latin, *Ululo* ; and the Irish, *Hulluloo*. If it be then of heathenish origin, it may be supposed to arise from despair,

but if otherwise, from hope. That it is not a fortuitous coincidence of terms, but also a similarity of customs, to which these mixed modes are applicable, may easily be proved. We find in the sacred scriptures, many passages proving the existence of this practice amongst those who used the Hebrew tongue: "call for the mourners," &c. "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets," &c. Its existence amongst persons speaking the Greek tongue, is proved from the last book of Homer, where females are introduced mourning over Hector's dead body:

"Alternately they sing, alternate flow

"The obedient tears, melodious in their woe."

It is not alleged that the Greeks introduced the name, or the custom; but that the Greeks were in Ireland, might perhaps be proved from the Greek church at TRIM, in the county of Meath, and also from the life of St. Virgilius, bishop of Saltzburg, where mention is made of bishop Dobda, a Grecian, who followed St. Virgilius out of Ireland. Amongst the Romans there were women called *Præficæ*, who uttered the *conclamatio*, and Virgil, speaking of Dido's funeral, says, "*Femineo ululatu tecta fremunt.*"

The analogy between the Roman and Irish funeral ceremony, before the government of the Decemviri, was amazingly striking. The Keenaghers or Keeners (for so the *Præficæ mulieres* are called by the Irish), are in the habit of beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and wringing their hands. Now we find the following law relative to Roman funerals, amongst those of the twelve tables: "*Mulier ne faciem carpito*"—"Mulieres genas ne radunto." The antiquity of this custom is thus esta-

blished beyond doubt, and secures for the Irish peasantry the sanction of ages for a practice, which a stranger might otherwise contemplate with horror.

An Irish funeral is generally attended by an immense crowd, the Keenaghers leading the way, and some female relative frequently sitting upon the coffin as it is borne to the grave. For one or two evenings previous to the day of interment, the corpse is *waked*, a ceremony attended rather with merry-making than mourning. The songs of the Keenaghers are certainly by “distance made more sweet,” and have then a plaintive, melancholy character, not without some regularity. They consist mostly of repetitions of a few words, “Why did he die, why did he die?” or some little sentence expressive of the good qualities of the deceased.

Mucruss Demesne.

THIS beautiful and extensive demesne belongs to Mr. Herbert, and was part of an enormous grant of lands, made by Elizabeth, to sir William Herbert of St. Julians, in the county of Monmouth, whose daughter and heiress married Lord Herbert of Cherbury, created Lord of Castle Island in this county, by letters patent, dated Dec. 31st, 22nd of James I; and by Charles I, a peer of England, by the title of Lord Baron of Cherbury in the county of Salop, 7th of May, in the fifth year of his reign. The first of the Herberts who settled in this county was Thomas Herbert, of Kilcow, esq. of

which lands and others, he was enfeoffed by Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Castle Island, April 18th 1656, from whom the present possessor of Mucruss is descended.*

The demesne includes a large tract of land on the borders of the Lower, and Mucruss Lakes, extending from Castle Lough to the foot of Turk, together with the Peninsula of Mucruss, which separates these Lakes. After visiting the Abbey, a pleasing walk through the woods leads to the summit of a hill called "Drumaouk;"† from this rising ground is seen the house of Mucruss, with its verdant lawn enclosed by a wood which fringes the Lake, and continues along the entire peninsula to the point of Cammillan, a distance of nearly three miles. On the opposite side of the Lake, Tomies and Glenà rise from the water with incredible magnificence, and possess a soft and gentle outline, while the Eagle's Nest exhibits a bold, broken, and savage aspect. Here it is, then, that the flat, swampy grounds about Killarney are enabled to contribute to the beauty of the scenery, by the contrast they afford to the opposite shore. The house of Mucruss is old and tasteless, and the gardens are remarkable for possessing more rock than earth, from which spring the most delicate shrubs, and in the most luxuriant manner. A road cut through the wood leads to a marble quarry, from which green, red, black, and variously coloured marbles have been raised. The quarry is a broken, bold shore, surrounding a small bay,

* For a more minute account of this ancient family, see Smith's Kerry, page 33, *et seq.*

† Sir R. Hoare calls it Drum O'Rorke.

and ornamented with the most beautiful shrubs, scattered amongst the crags, and growing apparently in the fissures of the rocks.

In passing along this winding, irregular path, occasional glimpses are caught of the Lake, sparkling through the thick foliage; and sometimes an opening amongst the trees permits a view of the Lower Lake, and the lowlands near Killarney on the right; while Turk Mountain, hanging over the intervening Lake, is seen to the left. The shafts of a copper mine are also to be met with, on the peninsula, but the mine has not been worked for some years. When the works were discontinued, about twenty-five thousand pounds worth of ore had actually been sold. Besides marble and copper, this peninsula also contains iron ore, a quantity of which was also raised; and O'Flaherty, in his *Ogygia*, quotes Nennius, an author of the ninth century, to show that tin was also found about Lough Lein.

In pursuing the tour of this peninsula, several beautiful bays are discovered, one in particular, whose rocky arms, which embrace it, are crowned with arbutus and holly. The promontory of Dindog is another beautiful and interesting object; but it would be quite impossible to describe the infinite variety of scenes the pedestrian will discover in wandering along the shores of this extended peninsula.

Having reached the extreme end of the promontory, a bridge of one Gothic arch, whose chord is twenty-seven feet, and altitude seventeen, affords a passage to Brickeen Island; and it was the intention of Col. Herbert, at whose expense this arch was thrown across, to continue the communication between Brickeen and Dinis Islands; and thus, by means of Old Weir Bridge, the

Upper Lake might be visited, either by the pedestrian or by a rider mounted on a shelty.

Here again the English lakes afford facilities to the tourist, which those of Killarney refuse. There is scarcely a lake in Cumberland or Westmorland which cannot be perfectly seen and admired from the roads and pathways along the margin; for instance, from the road from Newby Bridge to Ambleside, along Windermere; from Ambleside to Keswick, by Rydal, Grasmere, and Lethes Water; and all round Derwent Water; whereas Killarney must be seen from the water, because there is no road or mode of conveyance for seeing it in any other manner; and though the mountains appear higher, when seen from the water, it ought not to be forgotten that the *lake itself* is excluded from the view taken from a boat on its surface. The views from the water are not the most enchanting about Lough Lein, and the tourist should avail himself of any opportunity of landing, and ascending a rock or hill from which he could look down on the lake below.

Mangerton Mountain.

FROM the little village of Cloghereen a road leads to the base of Mangerton, which, considering its height, is the easiest to ascend of any hill to be met with in a mountainous region. It was for many years considered the highest in Ireland, and set down in the old maps and surveys, as being 2,470 feet in height. But many valuable improvements have been made in the mode of measuring

the heights of mountains, by which this error, with many others of a similar description, have been detected. It is now ascertained by the measurement of Mr. Nimmo, that the height of Mangerton is 2,550 feet, while that of Carràn Tùal is 3,410.

Near the village a guide, provided with a horn, is generally in attendance, and conducts you by the easiest path towards the summit. Here, however, the tourist is subject to great annoyance, arising from the number of men and boys, who run on every side of him, without uttering a syllable, but merely keeping up with his horse. Entreaties to desist from this undertaking, as *one* would be sufficient to point the way and tell the names of distant objects, are of no avail; one says, "No gentleman ever prevented *him* from ascending the mountain;" a second avers, "That he is the Man of the Mountain;" and a third declares his resolution of not quitting the party till their return to the village: it is useless to resist, and the visiter has often six or eight guides forced on him, whatever may be his inclination.

After an ascent of about half an hour, an elevation, equal to that of the summit of Turk, is reached, from which a most perfect bird's-eye view of the lakes, speckled with islands, is obtained, and a correct idea of their relative positions afforded. At every step after this the view becomes more and more commanding. The road between Mangerton and Turk, leading to Nedheen or Kenmare, which is eleven miles six furlongs distant from Killarney, may be traced along the brow of the mountain for a considerable distance. Keeping to the east of the mountain, the Devil's Punch Bowl is reached, without the trouble or necessity of once dismounting from your sheltie. This celebrated pool is of an oval

form, and perhaps two furlongs in diameter; its waters are very dark and cold; on one side the mountain rises very precipitously over it, while the other is protected by an elevation merely sufficient to confine its waters.*—Weld mentions an anecdote of Mr. Fox, whom he states as having swam round this pool, but I should think the experiment hardly practicable; for although with respect to distance it might be done by a person of great bodily strength, and experience in the art of swimming, yet the cold would most likely produce cramps that would either endanger life or compel the resignation of so hardy an attempt. It has generally been considered that the Devil's Punch Bowl is the crater of an extinct volcano, but there are, at this day, no remains discoverable around the mountain to justify this conclusion. There is a path leading round the Bowl, and to the very summit of Mangerton, from which there is a most extensive and sublime panoramic view in clear weather. The most beautiful object is the river of Kenmare, an arm of the sea, insinuating itself amongst the recesses between the mountains. The coast towards Bantry is also extremely grand; but the most commanding and attractive objects are the Reeks and Sugar-loaf; to the north-west Castlemain and Dingle Bays, Miltown Bay, and the Tralee Mountains are seen. While on the edge of the Punch Bowl, the guide places his auditors behind a rock, and descending to the edge of the bowl, blows his horn in a

* Bushe's etymology of the appellation "Devil's Punch Bowl," is extremely ludicrous. "This pool," says he, "being supplied by an inexhaustible spring at the bottom, may and was, consequently compared to the bowl of punch round which a party was assembled, into the bottom of which Satan had inserted an invisible spring, imperceptibly recruiting the continued decrease of the liquor within."—*Hib. Curiosa*.

tremulous manner, which produces a most singular effect. This experiment was first suggested by Miss Pluntree.

There are several plants to be found on Mangerton, although its surface appears waste and barren in most places. Very near the top the London-pride, which is in England a garden flower, grows in great abundance. Close to the Punch Bowl grows the narrow-leaved mountain golden rod, besides the upright fir-moss, the fingered hart's-tongue, the cypress or heath-moss, the fenane-grass, the mountain millet-grass, and the mountain fern.

On Mangerton is found a species of whetting stone, whose grit is extremely fine ; it is used by the peasantry for razor-hones : when found upon the mountains, it is of a light olive colour ; but the process of preparation, by boiling it in oil, changes the colour to a darker shade, and makes it assume a more close, smooth, and compact texture.

From the Devil's Punch Bowl flows a well-supplied stream, the chief feeder of Turk Cascade.

After surveying the grand spectacle from the top of Mangerton, there is a descent by a different route, which the guide is unwilling to be at the trouble of showing you, but which is much more interesting than the path by which the ascent was made ; it is that by the Glen of the Horse, called by the inhabitants of the mountain, "GLEANNA CAPULL." This Glen is divided from the Punch Bowl, by a lofty ridge or shoulder of the hill ; its sides are quite precipitous, and a descent is, except in a few places, quite impracticable, and even in these not unattended with danger. One side consists entirely of broken craggy rocks, the habitation of the eagle alone ; the bottom is occupied by two small dark

loughs, on whose banks a few sheep and goats are enabled to procure subsistence for some months in the year. In this solitary region of desolation, which the man of the world would turn from with fear and trembling, human beings are known to spend part of their wretched existence: their dwellings are in the dark and dismal caverns in the rocks, and their only companions the wild birds that scream over their heads, and the cattle which their time is employed in tending.

The easiest entrance to this secluded glen, is by the narrow opening through which the overflowing of the pool discharges itself. The name is derived from the circumstance of a horse's having fallen down its steep rocky side in Winter. The effect of the horn or bugle in this Glen is even more extraordinary than in the Punch Bowl, the buz or hum being louder and more tremulous.

From the separating ridge between *Gleanna Cupull* and the Punch Bowl, other pools or loughs are discovered, one Lough Na-maraghnarig, in a very elevated situation, and Lough Kittane, about two miles in length and one in breadth, in the Glan Flesk Mountain. The view towards Glan Flesk, Filadavne, the Paps, &c. is waste and dreary: that part, usually called O'Donohoe's country, is particularly desert, wild, and desolate. And although at a remote period it was the lordly demesne of a petty prince, as O'Donohoe's Castle, still raising its ruined tower in the centre of this barren waste, sufficiently indicates, yet it is now almost ungrateful to the eye to rest upon.

The descent of Mangerton is more readily accomplished on foot than on horseback, and is equally easy, pleasant, and interesting as the ascent: on the way visitors are generally met by a few children, with bowls

of goat's whey in their hands; and although they do not request the stranger to notice them, they expect he will taste uninvited: these are the least troublesome, the easiest satisfied, and, after the fatigue of climbing the mountain, the most welcome intruders met with at Killarney.

The horses are generally led by one of the many attendants the tourist is compelled to employ, to a convenient place of rendezvous, from whence the ride to Killarney, by Cloghereen, is extremely agreeable and sheltered. Between Killarney and Mucruss, on the opposite side of the road, is a small ruined chapel on the very summit of a rath, from whence an extensive and distinct view of the Lower Lake might be taken, but it does not differ much from that seen from the top of Drumarouk hill.

Aghadoc.

THE road north of Killarney leads to the ruined church and tower of Aghadoc, about two miles and a half distant. Within the deer-park of Lord Kenmare, the entrance to which is on this road, is a very pleasing view, and one in which the whole detail of the landscape can be minutely and satisfactorily gazed upon, from a green mound in his Lordship's park, called "Kneckriar Hill." Proceeding towards Aghadoc, we leave Prospect Hall, the seat of G. Cronin, esq. on the right; from the lawn of this demesne is a fine panoramic view of the Lower Lake, precisely the same as that from Aghadoc, except that the latter is more distant from the different objects.

From hence the road is bleak, dreary, and uninteresting for some miles, particularly when the mountain-view on the left happens to be intercepted by walls, trees, or hedge-rows. At the end of the second mile a narrow road leads to Aghadoe church, situated on the top of a long, low, green hill. The lane is impassable for carriages of any sort; but the visiter will not regret the trouble of walking, if the day be fine, and the weather clear, as at every step the view increases in extent, richness, and sublimity.

The church of Aghadoe is a venerable, ancient building, originally of but rude workmanship, measuring, probably, between eighty and ninety feet in length, and about thirty in breadth; the whole length is separated by a thick wall, in which traces of a door-way are discoverable. The chancel was lighted from the east by two long lancet loop-holes, but the whole is, at this day, in such a dilapidated condition, that but a very imperfect idea can be formed of what it originally might have been. The door-way is a very masterly specimen of the excellence of the art of sculpture in those days; six successive mouldings, of different patterns, chevron, or zig-zag, and others, ornament its architrave; and though carved in an exceedingly soft species of stone, are all perfect and beautiful specimens of a master's hand.

The date of the foundation of this Abbey has not yet been ascertained. In a MS. in the College Library, &c. the following passage occurs relative to this church, which differs from what Archdall quotes as being contained in the Annals of Munster, and therefore it may be concluded that he did not consult the MS. himself. The passage in the MS. Trin. Coll. is "aEDH, alias Hugh Connor O'Donnagadhœe's son died, and was buried in *the* (*his* in

the Monasticon) old abbey of O'Mathgamna (Aghadoe), anno 1231." It is obvious that the difference between the College MSS. and the Monasticon, leaves the founder still unknown. Seward mentions that the ancient sees of Ardfert and Aghadoe were united in 1663. *The latter see now possesses but one dignitary, an Archdeacon, who enjoys the entire rectory of Aghadoe, besides some small tithe interest, and glebe, of which there is no registry. The old cathedral was dedicated to St. Finian. [See Inisfallen].†

The present appearance of the ruin and cemetery is extremely disgusting, and the smell frequently offensive: skulls, bones, and coffin-lids are scattered every where, in the same horrible manner as at Mucruss, Ardfert, and Lislaghtlin; and although divested of the gloomy accompaniments of long dark aisle and shady yew, still appear chilling and terrific. The number interred here exceeds that at Mucruss, partly because this is considered a more ancient cemetery, and partly because it is free from charge for burial.

Near the church are the ruins of an old round castle, usually called the Pulpit, the interior diameter of which is twenty-five feet; its height, at present, is about thirty feet, nor does it appear to have been much more lofty. It evidently consisted of but two stories, of which the lower or basement was lighted by one window, the second, by three. The ascent was by a staircase constructed within

* See Ware's Bishops.

† In the MSS. of Trin. Coll. Dub. is another passage relative to Aghadoe, of an earlier date than any hitherto quoted, (1176): "Cormack's (son of Daniel O'Carthy) army sojourned at Aghadoe two days and two nights, after the ransacking of Cork"—i. e. fifty-five years previous to the earliest date mentioned in the Monasticon.

the wall. Round castles are rather uncommon in Ireland; there are two others, however, nearly of the same height and diameter as this of Aghadoe, existing, the one at Waterford, called "Reginald's Tower," the other in the county of Tipperary, called "Nenagh Round." Dolbadern Castle, in the vale of Llanberris, in North Wales, is extremely like this at Aghadoe, which must have been a place of defence, as appears from the fosse and mound encompassing it.

In the *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, may be seen a plate of a stone in the walls of Aghadoe Cathedral, on which is cut an inscription in the Ogham character. This mysterious hieroglyphical letter, whose powers are now totally lost, was used by the ancient Irish or Indo-Scythians. The inscriptions are merely horizontal, or perpendicular lines, intersected at right-angles by a number of parallel lines, or darts, of unequal lengths. The learned Mr. Pelham supplied General Vallancey with many instances of such inscriptions in the county of Kerry, which have been published in the sixth volume of the *Collectanea*.

A very remarkable stone of this description stands about fifteen yards from the church of Kill-Melcheder, in this county, and another, of a conical form, at Ballysteeny. Of the stone at Aghadoe Mr. Pelham speaks as follows: "In the north west corner of the old church of Aghadoe, near Killarney, is a rough stone, of the brown mountain kind, with a few Ogham characters upon it. The stone, as it now lies, is about seven feet in length; but it is probable it was once longer, and stood erect, as its larger end has an appearance of having been broken, and thrown down by violence into its present situation. This inscription is possibly imperfect, as there is an appearance of a scale of stone having come off from its smallest end.

The characters near the middle of the stone are three and a half inches long."

As to the meaning or translations of these mystical writings, the antiquarian should conjecture with caution; one instance from many may indicate the propriety of this advice. In the catalogue of inscribed stones, in the 6th vol. of the *Collectanea*, is one mentioned as being found in the county of Kilkenny by Mr. Tighe, and said to bear an inscription in the Pelasgic letter, which in *Roman* characters would be

BELI DI UOSE:

this, after much learned disquisition, General Vallancey has sagaciously translated thus: "To Belus, God of fire," whereas, had it occurred to these learned gentlemen, who really were an ornament and benefit to their country, to turn the inscription upside down, they would have found, in plain English, the following name and date: "E. CONID, 1731," it having since been found to be the fact, that it was cut by a stone-mason of that name, who lived in the neighbourhood.

One subject yet remains to be spoken of, before we quit the antiquities of Aghadoe, viz. the Round Tower, within a few yards of the church. The remains of this building are rather insignificant, not exceeding twenty feet in height, and completely filled with rubbish; it was built of brown stone, trimmed on the exterior surface. Of the origin and use of these extraordinary buildings, many conjectures have been formed by antiquarians, of the merits of which let the reader judge, when he has seen the structures, and perused and reflected on the theories founded on them. The followers of Giraldus Cambrensis conceive these towers to have been ecclesiastical buildings, and that probably they were the retreats of penitents or anchorites; others

suppose them to have been erected by the Danes, as watch-towers at first, and afterwards converted into belfries. General Vallancey supposed they were for the purpose of preserving the sacred fire, and consequently of much greater antiquity than is generally attributed to them. That they might have been anchorite towers is possible; but this theory rests on the weakest arguments: it is true they were divided into stories, as is manifest from the ledges upon which the floors were laid, and which are visible in all the towers; yet the lower chambers must have been totally divested of light, for loop-holes are found in very few of them. The conjecture of their being penitential residences, in which the sinner was removed from story to story as he improved in piety and awakened to a sense of error, rests on the sole evidence of an unauthenticated MS., found by Dr. Smith at Cork, in which they are termed "*Inclusoria*." Dr. Molyneaux, as well as some others, attributes their erection to the Danes, in the ninth century, and he concludes, rather hastily, that they were *always* intended as belfries. If so, what was the occasion of their extraordinary height? why is the door at such an elevation from the ground—sometimes twenty feet? And could not the bell have been tolled by a rope reaching from top to bottom, which the stories seem to prove was not done? Besides, it ought to be observed, that granting they were used as belfries, we find churches built subsequently to the towers, and not many feet from them, with steeples for the suspension of bells, and these steeples of the *same diameter* as the upper stories of the towers, so that they could not be meant for the suspension of bells of *various* sizes. It has often been argued that the Round Tower at Ardmore has been *used* as a belfry, because part of the oak suspension-beam is still visible; to

this it may be said, that this is the *only* instance in which such remains have been found, and it may have been, and most probably was, a secondary application of the tower. The awkward position of the bell-ringer, outside the door, proves the thing to have been, even then, but badly contrived, as he was not only exposed to the severity of the weather, but the bell-rope was liable to the touch of any merry passenger who chanced to pass that way.

The supposition which would have them anchorite or penitential towers, rests on the authority of Mr. Harris, who says, that "*according to tradition,*" an anchorite monk lived at the top of Drumlahan Tower, in the county of Cavan, which is still called Cloch-Ancoire, or the Stone of the Anchorite. The Pillar of Simon Stylites *upon* which he used to sanctify himself, is also made to contribute an analogical argument; and the Rev. Thomas Harmer's description of a *square* tower in the Holy Land, is also applied to this purpose, which, although the least noticed, is probably the strongest case that could be adduced in support of the anchorite doctrine.*

As to the name "Cloch-theach," the house of the bell or the belfry, by which the Irish peasantry continue to denominate these towers, it cannot be attended to, when we call to mind the ridiculous epithets they are in the habit of bestowing upon all the antiquities of their native residences, such as Giant's Rings, Giant's Cut, &c. and the Druidical Cromlech is never called by any appellation but "The Big Stone." The traditionary history pre-

* See Vol. 9 of the *Archæologia*.

served by such uninformed peasantry ought not to be valued; besides, it is not denied that these towers were converted into or used as belfries about the ninth century, and consequently the original name may fairly be supposed to have been lost by distance of time, as well as the certainty of their original application. The most original theory that has been advanced for a series of years, is that of General Vallancey, who says, that the old Irish, or Aire-Coti, the primitive inhabitants of the western isles, were the Aire-Coti of Caucasus, and were from the banks of the Indus, where they had mixed with the Brahmins, *at that time* in the habit of building *round* towers, for the preservation of the holy fire; and that it was in imitation of these, the round towers in Ireland and *Scotland* were built. It would be greatly out of place to introduce here the arguments urged in support of the last opinion; but it may be observed, that being almost entirely deduced from the similarity of terms in the Eastern and Irish languages, they exhibit ingenuity, although they fail to convince.

To conclude this interesting and difficult subject, let us inquire for what purpose most of the eastern towers have been built, and what the name *Tower* is derived from? Upon numerous hills and promontories the orientalists were in the habit of building obelisks and towers, consecrated to some guardian deity. These served a two-fold purpose, as land-marks and watch-towers by day, and as beacons by night. Granting, then, that these Irish towers are the workmanship of the old inhabitants (in which opinion the most learned antiquarians concur), built at first after the manner of the eastern beacons, and subsequently, in the time of Giraldus, "*more patrio,*" why should they not have been for the same purposes?

The whole Island was divided into petty principalities, the rulers of which were eternally at variance; and wherever a settlement existed, a watch-tower appears to have been erected, most likely at the expense and by the assistance of the surrounding inhabitants; for they were raised of stone and mortar, when the adjoining monasteries were of wood, as if they were of vital consequence even to persons more remote. Their uses at night might have been of great importance; in a country infested by wolves, without the convenience of high-ways, and whose tranquillity was so much disturbed by the proximity of the enemy's territories, beacons would be as useful to the traveller, the wanderer, or the troops returning from predatory excursions, as to the mariner at sea, or the caravan in the wilderness, both of whom, when the compass and the star-light fail to guide them, pray for a glimpse of some terrestrial beacon to direct their erring steps. Arguments are not wanting to continue the defence of this suggestion, but this is not the opportunity to multiply them too much.

There is, however, one consideration more, that appears to contribute light and life to this idea, viz. the derivation of the word Tower. The Latin "turris" is not unlike, and this is derived from the Chaldee *ṭur*, *Thor*, a tower, and *Is*, fire, i. e. a fire tower, a beacon, a light-house,* which precisely corresponds to our suggestion. The Greek *πύργος*, a tower, is represented by Lexicographers as a boundary or land-mark, but some more rationally derive it from *πῦρ*, fire, to which might be subjoined, as a termination, *ἅγιος*, any thing sacred, which would make

* Bryant's Antient Mythology.

πύργος, or πυράργος, signify the sacred fire, and thus, from the derivation of πύργος, the relation between ancient towers and fire or light may also be established.

Those who attribute the erection of the round towers in Ireland to much later dates, and to Christian artificers, rest on one solitary proof (for Ledwich's translation of *Cambrensis* is decidedly incorrect) viz. the image of our Saviour on the cross, carved on the key-stone of the doorway of the tower at Donaghmore, in the barony of Navan, county of Meath.* But this sculpture might be of later date than the tower, and the work of some religious persons, with whom this country abounded; or this tower might have been erected at a late period; but, in any case, one instance cannot establish the fact, in opposition to a number of between fifty and sixty towers which have no device: and the most highly finished tower in Ireland, that on Devenish Island in Lough Erne, the key-stones of whose upper windows are ornamented with heads, is yet without any sculpture emblematic of Christianity.

There are two towers in Scotland, the one at Brechin, bearing a religious device, the other at Abernethy in Murray, but there cannot be the least doubt that these were erected by the Irish (who held intercourse with that kingdom, although they did not with England or Wales) and after the introduction of such buildings into this country.

* The same occurs in the round tower of Brechin in Scotland.

Dunloe Castle.

THE road from Aghadoe to Laune-bridge continues along a flat country, unvaried by improvements. Near the bridge the Castle of Dunloe appears raising its head amongst the forest-trees, and having its gloomy outline relieved on the surface of the still-gloomier mountains behind. The castle, the residence of Major Mahony, is an ancient hold, modernised in a comfortable manner; the floors are of yew wood, more beautiful than the closest mahogany, and the apartments extremely commodious. Owing to the extraordinary thickness of the woods, the views from the walks are interrupted, but from the embattled summit of the walls it is very commanding. This castle was frequently the retreat of the Kerry chieftains in the wars, during the reign of Elizabeth, and under the Commonwealth government.

A small well-made mountain road leads from Dunloe into a defile in the mountains between Tomies and M'Gilly-Cuddy's Reeks, called the Gap of Dunloe. The hill on one side of the entrance is called the Holly Mountain, that on the other the Bull Mountain, but both are mere shoulders or projections of the larger hills. The entrance to the gap is very narrow, and the mountains quite perpendicular on each side. In a little wild romantic glen, a short distance from the entrance, is a small lake, whose waters assume a particularly dark hue, from the reflexion of the enormous mountain which hangs so immediately over it. On penetrating into the defile, our admiration of the wild scenery is gradually exchanged for a feeling of awe and an impression of fear, until a pass is reached, so narrow that there is space merely for the scanty road and the little dark, gloomy, lake beside it; the hills on

either side ascend in steep, perpendicular, precipitous crags ; masses of enormous bulk lie tossed about in all the terrific sublimity of chaos, and instances have been known of persons, who, when they have arrived at this spot, were so paralysed with terror, that no earthly inducement could persuade them to advance, dreading that the mountain might fall and overwhelm them. Two small bridges are thrown across the stream which runs through the defile, in the narrowest parts of the channel ; yet, from the simplicity of their structure, these do not interrupt the character of the scenery. In one particular part of the pass, the road runs along the margin of a black pool, and is so unprotected, as to inspire the equestrian traveller with fears, that, should his horse trip, he might be precipitated into the lake. But a scene of this description defies the address of the most expert tourist, and the pencil of the ablest master: it must be seen to be understood. Those who have visited the passes of Borrowdale, in Cumberland, may form a faint idea of the chilling, dreary grandeur of Dunloe ; but the pass of Llanberris, in North Wales, bears a still greater resemblance, and he who has seen the Gap of Dunloe, will not be over-awed by the sublimity of Llanberris, nor will the deep-rooted image of Dunloe be eradicated by the combined beauty and grandeur of Borrowdale.

From the entrance of the Gap to the farther end, opening into the vale of Comme Duff, thence to Gheramine, the seat of Lord Brandon, is about four miles ; the road from the outlet of the gap to his Lordship's cottage, is in a rude, unfinished state, but improvements are daily making. Here a long-extended valley is opened to the view ; at the western extremity of which is a very considerable lough, called the Red Trout Lake. Nearly

opposite the termination of the Gap is a beautiful waterfall, of considerable height, and always plentifully supplied; the waters of this fall flow into a succession of small lakes, occupying the whole length of the valley. In some are islands bearing shrubs upon their surface, and others are decorated with water-lilies. A visit to this valley would occupy only one day, and would richly compensate the visiter. The overflow of the three lakes of Comme Duff discharges itself into the upper lake at Cariguline.

Ascent of Carran Tual.*

THE youthful traveller seldom quits the scene of inquiry without ascending the highest mountain and penetrating the deepest glen. In all mountainous districts there is always one peak famed for its extraordinary elevation and difficulty of access. In the vicinity of Lough Lein, Carran Tuàl is the cloud-capped summit, marked out as the highest. Mangerton was formerly considered higher, but the late measurements of Mr. Nimmo have shown Carran Tuàl to be 3,410 feet above the level of the sea, while Mangerton is only 2,550.

Having taken horse at Killarney, pursue the Aghadoe road, and so pass over the Laune-bridge, by Dunloe gate; then, turning to the right, at the distance of a mile is a little village, at the very foot of the Reeks. Here a guide, who understands the shortest routes up the hill, and is consequently better qualified than any person from Killarney, may be had for a trifling sum. Being

* *i. e.* "The inverted reaping hook," which the outline of the summit strongly resembles,

properly equipped for an arduous and laborious pedestrian excursion, direct your course towards the mountain, either leaving your horses at the guide's cottage until you return, or, which is a much more advisable plan, sending them back to Killarney, having previously directed a boat to meet you, at Lord Brandon's boat-house, at the extremity of the Upper Lake.

The mountain bridle-road leads from the village over a low range of hills to Mr. Blennerhasset's shooting-lodge, on the banks of the river Giddah, a considerable mountain-torrent, flowing into the Laune. On Lishbaun Mountain is the first view of Dingle Bay; and, crossing the Gaddah River, and passing a gradually sloping vale of moss and rock (very fatiguing to the pedestrian whose feet are not protected by very strong shoes), the *Hag's Glen* is entered. To the right a lofty green mountain, called Konnock à Brianilm, *i. e.* the hill of the sheep-raddle, darkens the valley, and opposite, is the beetling brow of the lower reeks, perfectly inaccessible to all but the wild birds which nestle in their fronts.

The Hag's Tooth is a small conical projection from the mountain, resembling the flying buttress of a mouldering edifice, whose brow is shattered by the effacing finger of decay. Around and above are seen small black lakes, whose tints are borrowed from the impending crags, called the Devil's Lough and the Hag's Lough, &c., the latter having a small island in the centre. While gazing on the ruinous prospect which surrounds on every side, except the path by which this sequestered excavation is entered, the visiter forgets for a moment the task to be accomplished; but the suggestion of the guide that the sun delays not his daily course, quickly recalls him to a sense of the voluntary labour he has under-

taken. To the query of "which way?" the guide only raises his cudgel, and points to a cleft in the face of the mountain, formed by a rill that occasionally forces its way down in rainy weather. A feeling of vanity, natural to pedestrians, prevents any observation upon the manifest difficulty and even danger of the ascent, and the attack is generally begun in silence and determination. For about a quarter of a mile the path continues up the steep, through rocks, stones, long grass, moss, and shingle; whenever a steady footing is obtained for a moment, you are induced to turn and enjoy the scenery; but from the deep retreat in which the path-way is embosomed, the view is greatly contracted, and altogether interrupted towards the west. This steep pass once overcome, the difficulties vanish, but are succeeded by ideas of danger. The way to the highest peak lies along the summit of a ridge, something like the red ridge on Snowdon, the top of which is narrow, convex, and covered with grass, so short and slippery that it can hardly be walked over in dry weather, unless in stocking feet. The tops of the reeks are composed of a species of shingle, which, after heavy falls of snow, loosens and unbinds, and glides down the mountain's breast in the thaw; for this reason naturalists say the height of the reeks may have been sensibly diminished in the lapse of time. The principal stone to be found upon the reeks is sand-stone; and the plants are the same as those on Mangerton, London-pride growing in great abundance.

The view from the top is most commanding towards the west. From hence are visible Dingle and Castlemain Bays, the Tralee Mountain, &c.; to the south, Bantry Bay, and the indented coast of Kerry.

The remaining reeks appear like so many inclined

planes, whose angles of inclination are all equal, so that they appear to lie in parallel strata. On the tops of several are small loughs, like those on Mangerton and the high mountains in the range.

The view to the south-west presents a mountainous scene of the boldest description, the Glencar and M'Gillicuddy's Mountains, with an endless succession of immeasurably extended wilds.

The descent into the valley of Comme Duff is tedious, but not difficult ; the inclination is rather too precipitate to permit comfortable walking, and this renders it extremely fatiguing. Having reached the valley, there is a rugged, stony path, winding along through little deserted hamlets and barren wastes, which, after pursuing it for about four miles, brings you to the destined place of rendezvous—Lord Brandon's Boat-house. In a few minutes the anxious cockswain conveys the traveller to the cottage on Ronan's Island, where, after a journey of at least fourteen hours, the first opportunity of taking rest and refreshment is afforded. The lateness of the hour will not now admit of much delay, and Killarney will hardly be reached before eleven at night ; supposing that five in the morning was the hour of departure.

Directions for Tourists.

THE following directions are drawn up in such a manner as to be serviceable to visitors under any circumstances. It sometimes happens that while one traveller is

exceedingly limited in time, a second may be desirous of finding different routes for a succession of days. To the former of these, the most economic distribution of time,—to the latter, abundance of diversified amusement, is pointed out.

Route by which the Lakes and Beauties of Killarney may be seen in the space of a single day.

Taking horses at Killarney, and being attended by a bugleman, also mounted, start at five o'clock in the morning for Dunloe Gap; two miles and a half from Killarney, turn up a narrow road, to the right, and visit the ruined tower and cathedral of Aghadoe. Arriving at the bridge over the Laune River, cross and ride a few hundred yards farther to the gate of the demesne of Dunloe Castle: here there is not much to detain the traveller who is in haste, except the view from the battlements. Leaving Dunloe Castle, the seat of Major Mahony, about three quarters of a mile farther, enter the Gap of Dunloe. Here let the bugle be kept in constant employment. Halt in the narrowest part of the rocky defile, and observe the extraordinary effects of the bugle; ride through the pass, and reach the valley of Comme Duff: here it will be necessary to send back the ponies, having desired guide-boys from Killarney, the night before, to meet you at that place for the purpose. The remaining part of the vale must be traversed on foot as far as Gheramine, the seat of Lord Brandon. Here ask permission to ascend the tower in the garden, from the top of which is a very commanding prospect. Direct your cockswain and boatmen, the night previous, to have a boat, with a supply of provisions, to meet you near Lord Brandon's boat-house. Sail down the river into the Upper Lake, land on

Ronan's Island, dine and rest in the cottage; after which, ascend the peak, and view the amphitheatre of hills enclosing the lake. After taking refreshment, sail through the archipelago of the seven islands, and then direct your course towards Derry-Cunihy; visit the waterfall, and Mr. Hyde's cottage; coast along the base of Cromiglaun Mountain. Time will not permit a visit to Esknamucky-Waterfall and Glen. Entering Coleman's Leap, sail down the passage between the Long Range and Newfoundland, until you reach the Eagle's Nest. Here disembark, and take a station which the cockswain will not fail to point out, while the swivel is discharged by the boatmen from the most advantageous situation for the production of echoes.

Embarking again, continue your course with the stream, remembering to employ the bugle frequently along the passage between the lakes. The next object of surprise is the old Weir Bridge: here the unpleasant ceremony of shooting the bridge is to be submitted to. Arrived at Dinis Island, pass into Turk Lake, coast the base of Turk Mountain, and visit Turk Cottage and Waterfall; there leave the boat, directing the cockswain to meet you again below the house of Mucruss, in Castle Lough Bay; ascend Mangerton, still accompanied by the bugle, and arriving at the Devil's Punch Bowl, try its extraordinary effects. The Glen of the Horse cannot be visited upon this route. Descending to the village of Cloghereen, visit Mucruss Abbey, and passing on to the shores, embark once more upon the lake in Castle Lough Bay: sail round Ross Island to Inisfallen, thence to Ross Castle, where the guide-boys generally have a mode of conveyance ready to carry the traveller to Killarney.

In this route, many interesting objects are necessarily
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neglected, and others but imperfectly seen, at the same time that a very extensive and delightful tour has been accomplished in a wonderfully short space of time. The personal fatigue of this journey is great, and the arrangements require to be made with judgment. A six-oared boat should be employed, also excellent ponies, and active boys to rendezvous at the appointed places.

Two Days Tour.

The following directions will enable the tourist to economise time so far, that the lakes may be satisfactorily seen in the short space of two days, by a strict adherence to the arrangements here laid down:—

Having despatched a messenger, the preceding evening, to Mucruss House, or Cahernane, with a note requesting permission to visit the Abbey, and having obtained this favour, leave the inn at five in the morning, mounted on a strong sheltie, attended by a guide-boy and a bugleman: cross the Flesk River, pass Cahernane, Castle-Lough, and Mucruss Demesnes, and leaving the village of Cloghereen behind, ride up the front of Mangerton Mountain: try the effect of the bugle at the Punch-bowl; walk round the edge of the Bowl, along the summit of the ridge dividing the Devil's Punch-bowl from Gleanna Capull, and let the bugleman descend a short distance down the steep side of the glen, while the tourist remains on the top. The effect of the bugle in this situation is very extraordinary. [See Mangerton].

Let the guides conduct the shelties to the foot of the mountain, and there await the party, who will find it more practicable to walk than ride down from the

* Pronounced *Glouna Kophel*.

Punch-bowl. Having again reached the village of Cloghereen, visit the Abbey of Mucruss and the Peninsula, and walk along the shore to Castle-Lough Bay. Take notice of the rock called O'Donohoe's Horse. Have the boat in waiting near the shores of Mucruss Peninsula, and coast along to Brickeen bridge. Here enter Turk Lake, and coast still along the Mucruss shore, passing the Devil's Island, and thence row to Turk Cottage.

Disembark at Turk Cottage, and penetrate the wooded glen behind, in order to visit Turk Cascade, which flows from the Punch-bowl. Returning to the boat, sail close under Turk Mountain to the Cottage on Dinis Island. Here dinner can be dressed in a very comfortable manner, and great civility will be met with from the cottagers. If the day should not be far advanced, refreshment may be postponed until the party reaches Glenà, or perhaps Inisfallen Island. After walking through the woods on Dinis Island, sail out of Turk Lake by the passage between Dinis and the mainland, into that leading to the Upper Lake. The rapidity of the current will soon carry the boat into Glenà Bay. The Cottage of Glenà will afford an agreeable place for rest and refreshment; but this should be regulated also according to the time of day: leaving Glenà Cottage and Bay, sail close under Glenà Mountain, and try the effect of the bugle. Double Glenà point, and coast the base of Tomies to the river flowing from O'Sullivan's Cascade. Here disembark, and visit the cascade. Returning to the boat, steer a little to the north, and make Inisfallen by a circuitous direction. This is the most desirable spot to dine at, and there is no danger to be apprehended in returning to Ross Bay at night-fall, the intermediate water being scarcely ever in a disturbed state.

Returning to Ross Castle, along the shores of the Island, at Lord Kenmare's boat-house, a delightful and surprising echo will be found from the castle. Arrived at the quay beneath the castle, ponies from the inn are generally in readiness to convey the visitors to Killarney. So ends the first day.

At an early hour the second day, after breakfast, take shelties, and ride to Aghadoe; enjoy the view of the Lower Lake from the church-yard, and see the ruins of a round tower and castle. Proceed along the road at the foot of the hill, to the bridge over the Laune; cross the bridge, and visit Dunloe Castle: this should occupy but a short space. Proceed to the Gap of Dunloe; ride through the pass, remembering to keep the bugle constantly employed. Arriving at the termination of the pass, keep the left pathway down the valley of Comme Duff to Gheramine, the seat of Lord Brandon. Seek permission to ascend the tower in his Lordship's garden. The ponies should be sent back to Killarney with the runners, from the termination of the pass.

The boat should be in waiting at Lord Brandon's boat-house to convey the party to Ronan's Isle. Dine in the cottage, and row about amongst the Islands. Steer for Coffin Point, and, entering the little sheltered haven, disembark, and visit the Cottage and Waterfall of Derry-Cunnihy. Embarking again, and coasting the southern shore, visit the Waterfall and Glen of Esknamucky. Returning to the boat, and doubling the headland, make your exit from the Upper Lake by Coleman's Leap. Sailing down the passage, or river, stop nearly opposite the Eagle's Nest, and land for a few minutes to hear the extraordinary echoes produced by the firing of a small cannon, which is carried in the boat for this purpose.

Sailing with the current, by the Cannon Rock, Man-of-

War Rock, &c., the next adventure is the shooting of old Weir bridge. The current is here very rapid; and the little boat is hurried swiftly by O'Sullivan's Punch-bowl, and Dinis Island, into Glenà Bay. Here again the effect of the bugle is delightful. Coasting along Glenà Mountain, pass between Glenà Point and Darby's Garden, and, crossing the Lower Lake to Ross Island, land at the usual place of disembarkation in Ross Bay. So ends the second day.

Although it is practicable to see the beauties, curiosities, &c. around Lough Lein, in the exceedingly short space of time mentioned in the preceding directions, yet that can be accomplished only by very expert and active tourists, and will necessarily subject even them to much personal fatigue. Those who are not so restricted in time, may of course visit the numerous interesting objects near Killarney, not only in a less laborious, but also in a more perfect and satisfactory manner. Extend the tour to three days, and the time may be advantageously disposed of in the following manner.

Three Days Tour.

The first day will be entirely occupied in visiting Mucruss demesne and Abbey, Mangerton, the Punch Bowl, Gleanna Capull (the Glen of the Horse). The Glen of the Horse is inaccessible at every point but one, viz. the egress of the rivulet from the two interior lakes. The tourist will have ample leisure to make an excursion into Filadaune, visit Lough Kittane, and enter the Glen of the Horse. A lazy guide always endeavours to deter the visiter from this last excursion, but the tourist will be richly rewarded for his trouble.

The second day may be devoted to visiting the Lower

Lake ; first, however, the demesne, house, park, and gardens of Lord Kenmare ought to be viewed, and Kneckriar Hill, in his Lordship's park, ascended, from which there is a very commanding view. Embarking at Ross Castle, row to Inisfallen, which will take sometime to see perfectly : thence, directing your route northward, come round to O'Sullivan's Cascade, on Tomie's Mountain : thence to Castle-Lough Bay ; see the Drinking Horse, which was also seen the day before, from the shores of Mucruss. Enter Turk Lake, under Brickeen bridge, and, rowing across the lake, visit the Cottage and Cascade of Turk. Leaving Turk Cottage, coast the base of the mountain to the outlet of the lake, between Dinis Island and the Mountain ; land on Dinis Island, and wander about amongst the woods and thickets, while the boat is rowed down the stream, and reaches O'Sullivan's Punch-bowl, near which it generally awaits the passengers. The Cottage of Dinis affords tolerable accommodation, provided the party bring the *materiel* with them.

From Dinis Island sail with the stream into Glenà Bay. If the Cottage of Dinis be not found sufficiently attractive to induce the party to take refreshment there, Glenà Cottage most probably will. Here a salmon is usually taken out of the lake, in presence of the party, and dressed on arbutus skewers for their dinner. Coast the base of Glenà Mountain ; pass Darby's Garden, and cross the water to Ross Island. The bugle should be kept in constant employment in Glenà Bay ; and, near Ross Castle, let the boatmen rest upon their oars, while the bugle sounds a few interrupted notes, directing the mouth of the instrument towards the castle. Landing at Ross Castle, return by means of shelties to the inn, and so complete the second day's tour.

At an early hour on the morning of the third day, but remembering to take a hearty breakfast first, mount your shelly, and ride to Aghadoe Church. See the Round Tower, the Round Castle, called by the peasantry the Pulpit, and the stone bearing an Ogham inscription. Returning to the high road, pursue the road to Laune or Beaufort bridge, and, crossing the river, visit the Castle of Dunloe. After a short stay in the demesne, keep the mountain road to the Gap, and proceed, by slow and measured steps, through the Pass to the farther end in the vale of Comme Duff. The bugle should be kept in unceasing employment all through the Pass, but particularly under the castellated cliff hanging over the pool, in which the guide asserts there is an enormous serpent.

Entering the valley of Comme Duff, visit the Waterfall, the best supplied cascade in the whole country. See the Islands on the Comme Duff Lakes, and following the stony bed of a little mountain torrent, arrive at Gheramine, the seat of Lord Brandon. See the cottage and tower, and embark at his lordship's boat-house, where the boat from Killarney will be found waiting. Row to Ronan's Island, and having landed, take refreshment in the cottage; then ascend the eminence on this island, and take a view of the seven islands.

From Ronan's Island row to Derry-Cunihy; see Mr. Hyde's cottage and the cascade. Keeping the southern shore by Coffin Point, direct your course between Cromiglaun and Coleman's Eye, and row to the extremity of the little inlet into which the Esknamucky River falls; disembarking here, walk along the banks of the river, as far as the cascade. On the way will be met some of the most retired habitations imaginable, in the very heart of the wild forests.

Embarking once more, double the headland, and pass

through Coleman's Leap into the natural canal connecting the Upper and Lower Lakes. Observe the variously formed rocks, viz. the Man of War and Cannon Rocks, &c. along the banks of this passage, and, arriving under the Eagle's Nest, it will be necessary to disembark for a few minutes, while the paterara is discharged against the front of the rock. The echo, however, is not returned from the Eagle's Rock, but from the deep bosom of the mountain adjacent to it. The rapidity of the stream, and the inclination and skill of the boatmen, it being now late, will speedily urge the oar-impelled bark to the old Weir bridge; should the water be tolerably high, the ceremony of shooting the bridge is attended with rather agreeable sensations, and little danger; but if otherwise, the boat will run considerable risk of striking against a rock, in its rapid progress, and in all likelihood be materially injured. The cockswain however never permits his company to remain in the boat when there is any danger.

From old Weir bridge the passage meanders through extremely-beautiful sylvan scenery. O'Sullivan's Punch-bowl is quickly passed; Dinis and Brickeen Islands, the entrance to Turk Lake, and ultimately the Bay of Glenà, are all soon left behind.

The southern shore now possesses the greatest novelties to the visiter (having coasted the northern before), and, passing Brickeen bridge, let the cockswain steer due east, beneath the woods of Mucruss Peninsula. Sail then amongst the islands called O'Donohoe's Table, Alexander's Rock, Cow Island, Jackdaw Island, Yew Island, and Rough Island, to the northern extremity of Ross. Doubling the point, enter Ross Bay, and land under the castle, as before. This terminates the third day; and if the weather should have been favourable, and the party

early risers, the beauties of Killarney will have been satisfactorily visited. Such a coincidence however, is not always to be found, nor is such speed required by all tourists: those who have sufficient leisure will occupy an entire week to visit the places mentioned in the three days tour.

The Gap of Dunloe requires one day; Mangerton and Filadaune a second; Mucruss Abbey and demesne, with Turk Cascade and Cottage a third; the Lower Lake, Inisfallen, and O'Sullivan's Cascade, &c. a fourth; Turk and the Upper Lake will more than occupy the fifth; and the ascent of Carràn Tuál is assuredly one day's employment for the most active tourist in Britain.

A LIST OF THE ISLANDS IN THE DIFFERENT LAKES.

Lower Lake.

Ross Island	Jackdaw Island	Gunniet Rock
O'Donohoe's Prison	Osprey Island	Gun Rock
Cherry Island	Drinking Horse	Darby's Garden
Inisfallen Island	Pigeon Island	Burnt Island
Mouse Island	Crow Island	Brickeen Island
Heton Island	O'Donohoe's Table	Dinis Island
Lamb Island	Alexander's Rock	Miss Plummer's Island
Rabbit Island	Friar's Island	The Three Friends, &c.
Rough Island	Tom Cole's Rock	Sugar Island
Yew Island	Curraghceca Rock	Coarse Island
Cow Island	Oak Island	Ash Island

Turk Lake.

There is but one, the Devil's Island.

Upper Lake.

Rossburkie, or Oak Island	M'Carthy's Island
Arbutus Island	Ronan's Island
Eagle's Island	Duck Island
Knight of Kerry's Island	Stag Island, &c. &c.

The cascades in the neighbourhood of the lakes are—O'Sullivan's, Comme-Duff Falls, Filadaune, Turk, Esk-namucky, Derry-Cunnihy.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY



Engraved by Sid. Hall for Baldwin, Cradock & Joy, London.



Heights of the Mountains in the vicinity of Lough Lein and of the Chain extending from Mangerton to Mill-street.—(From the Survey of Mr. Ninno).

Carran Tual (the highest of the Reeks)	3410 feet.
Mangerton.....	2550
Purple Mountain.....	2280
Slieve Meesh	2200
Tomies	2150
Glena	2090
Turk	1900
Lake above the level of the sea	50
Dunloe Heads (these are Bull and Holly Mountains)	1100

Chain from Mangerton to Mill-street.

Crohaune Mountain (over Filadaune)	2175
Paps (higher of the two)	2280
Cahirbarna.....	2000
Gortaveby	1500
Knock Charagh (near Mill-street).....	1385

T. C. HANSARD,
Printer,
Peterborough Court, Fleet Street.

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